Our airborne Maginot Line

BLAIR FRASER begins a three-part report on our defenses

COVER PAINTING BY PETER WHALLEY

Charles Templeton: from evangelist to TV star

WHY LIFE'S BETTER IN BRITAIN: BY HUGH MacLENNAN

MACLEAN'S

NOVEMBER 8 1958 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

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MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- How to be a landlord the cheap way
- Glenn Gould heading for $100,000 year

IF CAR INSURANCE PREMIUMS GO UP next year—it's a good bet—blame the bigger, flashier fins of some new models. "To look at them they're pretty nice," says Fred Smart of the auto section, Canadian Underwriters Association, but from an insurance standpoint they're pretty grim. Repair bills are sure to be higher; collision rates too, perhaps.

LOOKS LIKE SUCH A BUSY CHRISTMAS for Santa Claus that he's simply got to have more clothes. Malabar's, Canada's largest theatrical costumers (Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg), is increasing its stock of the traditional red suits by about 300. Each store will allot 500 for rent at $8 to $50 a day. In addition, Malabar's expects to sell at least 200 from a bargain-counter $19 to a Savile Row $150. These come in one size, large.

King

IN HIS LIFETIME, one of the most bizarre facets of Mackenzie King's many-sided personality was his strange fascination with ancient ruins: pocked piles of whimsy he had transported to his Kingsmere estate near Ottawa and restored. Now Canadian sculptor Peter Sager, working in London, plans an equally bizarre memorial, reminiscent not so much of King as the ruins (see drawing). He has finished a model and is now shopping around for a Canadian angel to bankroll the casting. Probable site if the money ever comes through: Kingsmere.

Memorial?

WANT TO BE A LANDLORD? It doesn't take a fortune: anyone with a measly $1,000 will soon be able to buy a stake in an apartment development and — theoretically, anyway — start raising the rent. It's a syndicate scheme by a Toronto firm, A. H. Rushforth & Co., to finance two large apartment buildings. While at least one insurance company has warned that similar plans look like a real skin game," realtors reply that "the small investor can now take up a piece of an income giant." In the U.S., similar syndicates have stepped into such properties as the Empire State Building and Brooklyn's Ebbets Field.

LOOK FOR A BOOM IN TEEN CHARGE ACCOUNTS as a spur to boys and girls clothing business in Canada. There are five thousand on the books in major cities now but merchants expect the fad to catch fire once the news gets around the nation's high schools. Before dad flips, here's a comforting footnote: there's a $10 to $15 limit on what teen agers can buy on their own signature, and most shops demand an okay from parents.

Gould

WHO SAYS GENIUS DOESN'T PAY? Pianist Glenn Gould is expected to reach the $100,000-a-year level in the next year — his busiest yet. A 25-concert pre-Christmas tour is taking him through Europe to Israel. A 22-concert spring tour will carry him across the U.S. with foor jonkets into Canada at Calgary, Edmonton, Montreal and downtown Toronto. Gould's fees have been upped from $1,250 to $2,000 a concert this season. His renowned Goldberg Variations of two years ago was such a hit that he now has two more major recordings ready for release this month—Beethoven's Concerto No. 3 and the Bach Concerto in F Minor along the New Year — a medley of moderns including Hindemith and Berg sonatas.

OUR ESKIMOS DON'T UNDERSTAND ONE ANOTHER (there are 30 dialects for 11,000 of them). But they're going to get together verbally and literarily at last, if a plan by University of Montreal linguist Dr. Gilles Lefebvre and the federal government works out. Lefebvre, working with tape recordings of Eskimo oral sounds, is developing a Latin form of writing and spelling. He expects it will take 25 years to educate Canada's Eskimos by which time they may be able to reach speaking terms with Greenland Eskimos. These people, the most advanced of their race, already have their own newspapers and radio stations.

WATCH FOR TORCH SINGER JOAN STUART IN A HIT REVUE STRAW-HATTED SADLIER IN TV FILM EMPIRE

SADLIER — *Best producer*; STUART — *Swinging singer*

Singer, song and revue to watch: Pulse is unknowing Joan Stuart of Toronto going out with Looking for a Man (from the new Broadway hit Lady) Mondon and Roy Wolvin production Up Tempo '59. With a rhinestone sparkling in his midriff, Miss Stuart, who played a warm-blooded secretary in My Fair Lady, gives a low sizzling curve to the lyrics that stop the show in Up Tempo now playing to packed houses at the Cafe Andre in Montreal. After Christmas Macdonald and Wolvin expect to take their revue to Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver and way points à la My Fair Lady.

Playwright to watch: Taking fledgling studies in the footsteps of top Quebec writer Marcel Dubé, André Pierre Boucher, 21-year-old poet and occasional CBC Montreal employee, is taking his first play, Les Embardees (The Dregs), to New York for a tryout with the Theatre Guild. A watered down version of Les Embardees was panned in Montreal in a national drama festival, but the outspoken original script has excited the Theatre Guild's artistic Encouraged Boucher quit CBC and has started his second play in roundup.

Producer to watch: Irish-born Michael Sadlier, 34-year-old veteran of Canadian (Peterborough, Ont.) summer theatre and British and U.S. TV, has now set up his own television production company. **Northstar Pictures,** in Toronto to Northstar will start work in January filming two complete 39-part series (Hudson's Bay with **Barry Nelson** and Troubleshooters starring **Kennan Wynn**). Sadlier expects to provide work for hundreds of writers by turning out scripts to Canadian playwrights. His thesis: Toronto's ready to be a major production centre not just an outside town location for U.S. companies."

—BARBARA MOON

CAN WOMEN CUT CAR DEATHS? Men enlist aid

Scorn of the hurried yoks emitted by men is at the expense of women drivers. Now it's beginning to look as if women may have the last laugh. With traffic mayhem at this soaring (3,216 deaths in Canada last year) harassed males are calling on women to lend a hand or take over in traffic safety work. Witness:

- The Ontario government has appointed a Toronto housewife, Ethel McLellan, to direct women's activities in the Transport Department's safety branch chiefly as a propagandist.
- Another housewife, Mrs. Mary Gosbee, is chairman of Dorval Quiz Safety Council and is expected to win her campaign for more women in Quebec safety work. "It's a man's world," she says.
- Toronto has converted two police women, Verne Alexandra and Irene Carroll, into traffic cops. Deputy Chief Robert Kerr says all 22 women on the force will soon be actually working on traffic. Calgary's considering a similar plan.

PC ALEXANDER

A woman to the rescue

Do policemen women share men's view of women drivers? Not Fran Alexander, "Women are more cautious," she says. "But the best drivers are robbies and trolleys."

Is the swing to women in traffic safety a flash in the pan? Not according to Arch Bryce, manager of the Canadian Highway Safety Conference. "We need more of them and the more we get the more you'll see accidents reduced."

FAME FOR SMALL TOWN Outlook to star on TV

Ever hear of Outlook, Sask.? Well, you're going to see and hear a lot in addition to being the proposed site of power installations for the South Saskatchewan River Dam. Outlook, pop 4,000, is going to be the frontier town in the style of Abilene, Dodge, Jackson Hole, Cheyenne by filming TV series on the RCMP. The CBC has agreed to take the series (58,000 a show) the BBC at $10,000 and several American companies are bidding. It's days of millions is expected to leave on Outlook.

Film makers Bridge Crawley and Julian Hoskins looked at photos of scores of western towns before settling on Outlook and they intend to take some liberties with it in the shooting. Some film will be taken in Outlook a few miles south of Saskatoon for scenes of the main street and the RCMP detachment. Some will be taken at main remote St. Louis, Sask. for its surroundings. The period pioneer-bread homes of Aylmer near Ottawa will appear in the film, and additional shooting will be done in the Gatineau Hills where Crawley has a second home.

Some of the characters in the scripts would be recognizable in any small town. Dan Wright with his nine children. Instead Pat Mackintosh, Chinese café owner Wilson Tang and an Indian dog lover Tommy Apatagan.

Crawley has hired Hollywood writer producer Barney Girard — he'll get a share of the profits — to keep the production Girard has had a long string of successes: Playhouse 90, Have Gun Will Travel and Mister Ed.

Crawley may do far Outlook what De Sica did for Italy, says Girard who'll start shooting in November.

—ALAN PHILLIPS

CRAWLEY

Guiding over to a location?

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA WITH BLAIR FRASER

What tariffs cost the consuming public

Any day now [illegible] will hand down a ruling that will put into the market [illegible] the prime minister [illegible] tariff protection [illegible] the rest of living.

Throughout the [illegible] years the tariff has been used as a bludgeon [illegible] Conservatives [illegible] operation [illegible] Mackenzie King [illegible] keep the Liberal party in the heartland in the ridings of Quebec by Dr. Sidney Smith [illegible] St. Lawrence Newfoundland [illegible] wholly owned by New York mining group [illegible] costly air production [illegible] the U.S. government [illegible] program. There is no [illegible] product [illegible] in Newfoundland [illegible] goes to its owner, the Aluminum Company of Canada, and it is not [illegible] in any of the following figures [illegible] ments.)

The two commercial producers say they are threatened by foreign competition and they ask a tariff of [illegible] dollars a ton on imported [illegible] This is rather more than it cost to make the stuff in Minnesota [illegible] a percentage rate [illegible] between [illegible] hundred percent.

Canada uses about [illegible] tons of fluorspar a year, almost entirely in the steel industry. The Madoc mine produces about 2,000 tons, or roughly ten percent. It employs seventeen men and uses hand-sorted methods of mining. In this company, the tariff could be [illegible] an average extra payment of [illegible] $1.[illegible] per year per man employed, or [illegible] hundred dollars a month [illegible] paid by the producers could [illegible] steel in Canada.

The Aluminum [illegible] Newfoundland employs [illegible] hundred men and claims to be [illegible] supply the total of Canada's [illegible] requirements of fluorspar, but only with the help of the ten dollar tariff. It [illegible] that Canada certainly requires [illegible] pumping out profits [illegible] of this natural [illegible] to meet these [illegible] very costly process. A [illegible] could be done though the tariff would bring to the firm about $900 per year per man employed.

[illegible] that the tariff [illegible] hurting the tariff [illegible] report [illegible] the hands of the Queen's Printer [illegible] observers here would be [illegible] recommended the [illegible] fluorspar. The ten dollar duty would be the highest percentage to the book, and the [illegible] Wherever [illegible] tariff [illegible] protection of the [illegible] industry [illegible] operations of the [illegible] Canada superior [illegible]

Only occasionally can [illegible] known with any [illegible] known in any other [illegible] on that total generality [illegible] economic [illegible] which [illegible] Dr. [illegible] Canadian [illegible] the Faculty of Yale University [illegible] Wilfred Gordon's Royal Commission on Canadian Economic Prospects.

Dr. Young [illegible] official pronouncement [illegible] shocked by the room top civil servants who worked on other Gordon Commission studies. In the book he [illegible] it contains the only numbers [illegible] never made even semi-officially [illegible] the Canadian tariff costs the Canadian consumer in higher prices.

Dr. Young [illegible] that the tariff adds one billion dollars a year to the cost of living in Canada.

The question he could not answer is: How many Canadians owe their employment to that billion dollar outlay? He [illegible] whole chapter on the subject, but it is just a review of economic theory with quotations going back to John Stuart Mill and Adam Smith. One reason why he can't even guess at the employment figure is that it depends very heavily on whether the removal of tariffs would be unilateral or reciprocal — whether other countries would drop their tariffs if Canada dropped hers and thus gave Canadian manufacturers a big market to shoot at.

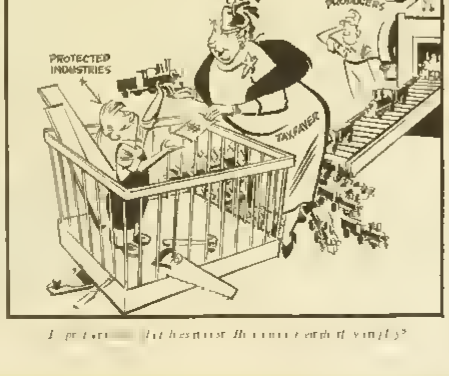
Last year, in the full glare of the Mount Tremblant conference, Britain offered just such a deal to Canada's Conservative government and scared the Tories out of their growth, that offer was consigned to oblivion or horridly [illegible] portrayed. Dr. Young recalls [illegible] minister than anyone has ever [illegible] to reform officially that a similar offer came to the Liberal government from the United States in 1948.

Even now the Liberal politicians and civil servants who know about this proposal are extremely reluctant to talk, though they own edit the story is true. It is not quite clear where the initiative came from, but it came at least from Washington, and it seems to have come at the top—President Truman to Prime Minister Mackenzie King. In any case, it was followed up with great secrecy. Two senior civil servants went to Washington and spent several weeks there in exploratory talks. The first was the senior civil servant who headed the British proposal last year—an unofficial free trade area in which tariffs on all the U.S. would be dealt freely with each other while retaining their own tariff walls against the rest of the world.

But after these preliminary sounding-out the whole thing was quietly dropped. The Liberals were no more enthusiastic about free trade with the Americans when Truman was the President than were the Conservatives years later about free trade with the British.

All that is history now, and most unlikely to repeat itself. The new angle, until polls give a new source of embarrassment to poor Canadian politicians, is quite different. It came up at the recent Commonwealth conference in London to Montreal, raised by Indian minister of finance Morarji Desai.

Direct aid from Washington to the help should come from other common-wealth countries under the Colombo Plan [illegible] capital to help her develop her resources. The question was who [illegible] Canadian economy [illegible] Canadian [illegible] among those few [illegible] people of Indian [illegible] work long and hard for [illegible] He wanted more [illegible] the prosperity of India [illegible] independent [illegible] would [illegible] which [illegible] helped [illegible] [illegible] Canada will not [illegible] British government [illegible] supply barrows [illegible] entire war effort [illegible] Canada [illegible] than roughly [illegible] [illegible] rest of our [illegible] [illegible] before they become [illegible] Canada [illegible] Plan from capital [illegible] the most industrious of Asia [illegible] surplus of [illegible] important [illegible] markets to the good [illegible] Asia [illegible] Canada has still [illegible] ★



[illegible] but the rest of the [illegible] tariffs?

BACKSTAGE with the ratings

How the warring hucksters woo and win radio listeners

"Which radio station are you listening to?" In at least two major centres — Montreal and Winnipeg — this simple question is a minor battle cry from warring radio hucksters engaged in a knock-down-drag-out struggle for supremacy in listener ratings. The weapons are stunts and giveaways, and nobody knows how many hundred dollars a month show most of them spend to influence the feedings of firms that conduct listener surveys — for advertisers as well as for the stations.

The crash, according to some of these firms, has begun to distort the surveys hopelessly. In Montreal the Elliott Haynes company which does a phone survey, pointed to flurry of promotions by three breaking stations: CKVL, CJMS and CKAC and told subscribers:

"It is likely that some listeners who were tuned in to other stations or not tuned in at all may have said they were tuned to CKVL.

"If they didn't, it wasn't CKVL's fault. The station had a barrage of phone calls, incompetitors and 40 CKVL admitted 121 offering people who said they were listening to CKVL a chance to win transistor radios worth $60. Latter when Elliott Haynes phoned, many said they were tuned to CKVL when they weren't. As a result CKVL was able to claim it had captured 63% of the Montreal audience. Left in the lurch, CJMS showed no disposition to stir. Three days and October morning up to the last number survey, it was offering $55 in Montreal with 1,000 rows of gifts. Small fry CKAC struggled to keep up with the European Florida and Lemonton holidays for its listeners. In Winnipeg, after an on-air hot and rating war among CKY, CJOB and CKRC, Procter & Gamble pulled its soap ads off radio, notifying people come to your senses.

While such throughout mayhem lion end laughter among listeners, they harm started mostly bitterness in the radio industry. In one special exchange, Montreal CJMS station manager John Nichols accused station auditor Jack Tietelman, who was CKVL of making up out of thin sample of phone calls — to distort the survey. Tietelman friendly agreed. We have spent tens of thousands to get your station to radio. In Winnipeg, a giveaway stunt by CKRC right at the time of a Bluecer of Broadcast Measurement survey, showed up in the survey as a 20% increase in CKRC listeners. Rival CKY complained to BBM, but survey results stayed.

Although survey firms usually

ELLIOTT — TIETELMAN

Do the [illegible] tell the truth?

[illegible] without [illegible] promotion [illegible] the station [illegible] Elliott Haynes [illegible] Winnipeg [illegible] Montreal [illegible] Elliott Haynes [illegible] CKVL told listeners [illegible] Winnipeg [illegible] survey next week. Here are the prizes [illegible] Elliott Haynes [illegible] CKVL told them. We are doing [illegible] thirty Mr. Brown no prizes. Even so [illegible] CKY [illegible] Melvin [illegible] CKY was gaining [illegible] CKVL [illegible]

Although there is [illegible] rather than political control the station [illegible] they admit [illegible] listening, a group [illegible] the station in Montreal the trip that winning station [illegible] 900 [illegible] to their [illegible] with 700 [illegible] years ago. Will the hucksters [illegible] the [illegible] down? [illegible] [illegible] proposed on the [illegible] hucksters. Tietelman [illegible] CKVL 850 [illegible] [illegible] a giveaway stunt by CKRC right at the time of a Bluecer of Broadcast Measurement survey, showed up in the survey as a 20% increase in CKRC listeners. Rival CKY complained to BBM, but survey results stayed.

Backstage with DVA's unclaimed money / Lost owners of $21 million

The Department of Veterans' Affairs claiming up to the nook of its postwar labors is conducting a different kind of treasure hunt. It is looking for some 150,000 veterans of World War II to pick up $21 million they've left kicking around the federal treasury.

The money is the last dribble from the vast pool of $384 million in establishment credit that DVA has loaded out to Canadian ex-servicemen since the war. Most veterans who were entitled to the credit have used them for the purposes designated by the government to buy ways in which ex-servicemen can collect. One of these is government insurance, which can be paid for in whole or part to amounts up to $10,000. In most cases of mortgage $5,000 land and a total of $134 million getting college education.

One thousand of others walked away and forgot the money. In the Toronto area alone, DVA estimates that there are 24,000 with a total of $3 million coming to them. The average unclaimed credit is $130, but some veterans have more than $500 waiting for them.

Are there any things attached? A few Veterans' may take their credit in cash, they have to be put to the reserve fund above. Also DVA has geared to insure veterans in college. But if a veteran up with new ways in which ex-servicemen can collect. One of these is government insurance, which can be paid for in whole or part to amounts up to $10,000. In most cases of mortgage medical records are required. In local [illegible] medical examination required by most insurance companies.

When keeping the veterans away from the pot of gold, DVA has tried to advise them of their waiting funds, but there are those sands with which it has lost touch. Some are single and don't need or want land, houses or furniture. Many have left the country. Many $1 million behind. In cases where a veteran has died his widow may claim his credit, dependent children could also collect.

But nobody seems to get in on the gravy. DVA claims. "They don't even seem to care," says one department official unbelievingly.

— JAMES [illegible]

Backstage with city critics

Canada's ugliest and most attractive cities here's how the experts rank them for Maclean's

When transplanted Dutch painter Frank Mr. Brown Valentine tagged Toronto "the ugliest city in the world" a few weeks ago, the battle lines formed swiftly and roughly. Not so much loyal Torontonians as minor chauvinists. "This town!" many non-Torontonians emphasized.

Well, if Toronto isn't the ugliest city in Canada, which city is. And if Toronto is the ugliest, which city is the most attractive. Maclean's asked these questions of 35 expert photographers, town planners, architects and a sprinkling of public relations men. We suggested they assume these cities are to be photographed for a travel poster. Twenty replied. On a 3-2-1 basis of scoring, here are the results:

Ugliest cities: 1. Toronto (100), 2. Hamilton and Halifax (tied 18), 4. Saint John (5).

Most attractive cities: 1. Vancouver (231), 2. Quebec City (17), 3. Montreal (10), 4. Ottawa (8).

Although Toronto took a beating from the voters, it received thirty votes out of all large cities. Artist B. C. Binning, professor at Vancouver's Art School, said: "Toronto is like a country [illegible]—parts of it are excellent."

Some voters [illegible] Hamilton's dirty, cluttered, little city, [illegible] lacking in planning, but Toronto photographer Ralph Robertson had softer words:

"Politically, many forces of progress were made in Toronto, Halifax and Saint John were also treated with some compassion. They were built to the highest period in Canadian history," said artist Alan Collier. He added: "They're going downhill since."

Vancouver won in a breeze among the rightheaded minority. Bold Western climate and a dramatic setting, NFB photographer Guy Loomis: "With mountain backdrop and magnificent harbour, it really must photograph well." Toronto artist Lorne Robertson had softer words:

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Quebec's charm appealed in varying degrees to most of the voters polled. A painter's composition, whatever you look at, said Collier. Civic sense of early Tuesday said Ottawa photographer Rosemary Gillitt, who added: "Ottawa's footloose and a good place to poke around in."

HUNTER — GILLITT

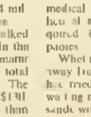
The letters for different votes

Background

CAN YOU BREAK A HEART?

Is a broken heart just romantic lore, song writers to play around with? No, just as the song writers rhyme you can pine away and die from a broken heart, according to Rochester psychiatrist Arthur H. Schmale Jr. He did it laughingly, study on 42 hospital patients probing their lives to the moment before they became ill. Feelings of despair and helplessness due to the loss of a loved or respected of someone close to them. Example: a man celebrating his son joined the navy, were joint told the boy had deserted out to come home on leave. The medical record a heart attack and died.

THE G-G PAINTINGS



Alex Levy

When Canada's governor general Vincent Massey recently sold 44 oils by his favorite painter, the late David Milne, almost every Canadian art lover found to guess the reason. Few remembered on the obvious one. He simply had no room to hang them, says Joel Aldred, the governor general's aide. Massey, who from 1929 to 1935 was Milne's main patron, still has 30 of his works, plus hundreds by other artists in his Port Hope, Ont., home. The Milnes brought from $375 to $800 apiece.

NO RUSH FOR A DRINK

Although they voted for bars and will get them, blue Albertans turned dampening to the brew. Lethbridge, in the true tradition of the Old West, Rimbo toodrem hotel, see back in, way from inverting to bars in a way that surprised everyone. When deerlike for bar openings arrived, people of rocky-age three were only 11 bids for licence in Lethbridge, five in Edmonton.

GREY NUN A SAINT?

One of the first pronouncements of the new Pope now in the beatification of "the grey nun, wife of Canada." Madeline de Javille, a widow who was the first of the new Hospital Grey Nuns and, according to Florence Nightingale, "the nursed both French and English in the war of 1758," died in 1771 after 40 years of nursing. 35 directors of Montreal General Hospital. Two miracles are needed to her credit. A miracle reported cured of TB in 1910 and an Ottawa boy who in 1927 attributed the recovery of his right to the intercession of Madame de Javille. Cardinals will vote on the beatification.

Editorial

How to keep labor out of politics: Let EVERYBODY get in

At the urging of the skillful and experienced parliamentarian Stanley Knowles the Canadian Labor Congress is thinking about forming a new political party.

The idea is and members of the Congress are fully unanimously agreed that this would be a good idea. Labor prove on principles of political action in Canada have not been notably successful. For many years the Canadian Labor Congress officially supported the CCF but that's only if its members were stubbornly on voting Liberal Conservative in particularly grievous cases. Social Credit is Communist. And without doubt many non-union voters the might have voted CCF for purely economic reasons but political reasons were scared off by the fear that if it ever came to power the CCF would be beholden first to the unions and second to the general population.

To our mind the strongest argument against a new labor party or an existing party re-endorsed by labor is not its doubtful effectiveness. The one really disturbing feature of such a move would be that it would renovate an ancient war that happily is nearly ended. We refer of course to the painful and demoralizing though in its time thoroughly necessary and inevitable war between the classes.

In the political sense the class war is completely ended. Today when employers and employees engage in a bargaining dispute they are almost never arguing about principles of rights or privileges. They argue about dollars and cents. The Tolpuddle Martyrs, the Eugene Debs and the Sidney Webbs hover over the bargaining table as honored ghosts or ghosts they have no more to do with the proceedings immediately about than the plug-hatted dignified stuffed cigar-smoking Boss of a political cartoon grown yellow and antediluvian by time and age.

Still we are not so naive as to suppose that labor will stay out of politics merely because its important political battles are already won. Nor can the unorganized mill and office labor, non-equity union voters really complain if they find themselves caught in the middle of some angry brouhaha. Had gaps of a struggle, nearly nine-tenths decided and buried. We turn and run in the middle cannot object if this happens because it will be largely the result of our own magnificence. The thing we constantly forget to our peril is that union unions needed to keep a political party alive and healthy. Money is needed. So is moral support.

The two major parties in Canada get support at the polls from all sorts of people in all sorts of occupations, economic groups and stations of life. But of the no less important support for their party treasuries almost every penny comes from businesses and businessmen.

There is nothing sinister in improper in this practice in itself. Whatever dangers it holds for good government it is not business and businessmen contribute to political parties but because *in fact* they contribute. If every registered voter in Canada gave a dollar to the political party of his choice, the paraphrase of any party's treasury the dominion of intimidation of any special interest group would be quite altogether. Government and opposition parties with their party funds coming from the many would be far less vulnerable to pressure from the few. And if bone largely honored need to have a political immortal own would we strongly suspect be disturbed even by many of the people who advocate it now.

Mailbag

- Recipe for good health? "Forget about health"
- Is there no escape from "cataclysmic bagpipes"?
- Why the Reds are winning the war of words

Regarding Dr. Shapiro's Too Much Health Is Making Us Sick (Sept. 27) I say he deserves a medal. It is about time we took a look at ourselves and took inventory of what the terrified minutes of health are have done to us rather than what they could do for us if we should find ourselves going from one of the many diseases we spend hours looking, but — MRS. J. BUTTERS, TORONTO.

★ I urgent strongly all those pills and vitamins and advertisements frightening people into ill health — MRS. M. MACDONALD, VANCOUVER.

★ You will be unpopular with the drug industry but you hit on the nub of the angle. — R. T. HIGGINS, VANCOUVER.

★ He has hit the nail on the head. If I have only one good hand and arm and am trying to a wheel chair I must then grow with him. Let's forget about our health and get on with it. — BETTY SUTHERSON, VANCOUVER.

★ As a nurse, only I give three long and cheers for Dr. Shapiro's article. — R. L. BRANCHFORD, ONT.

★ The good doctor catch the complacency of the health program of grandmother's day but he says nothing of the optimism of that time. I am sure he would not have us return to the days when youngsters were allowed to be held a national monument to disease. — CYRIL HALL, SASKATOON.

Dear Social Register

My thanks to Robert Thomas Allan for Dear Social Register (Oct. 11). Any red-blooded Canadian might well sign in disgust. He has done. When I received that last letter I too was in disgust. But when the second letter a little last month informing me my name was going to be used whether I permitted it or not I may say that I was a little hot under the collar.

Ways and should the taxpayer only him who joins the in the spring — say April and not September. — W. H. TURRETT, TORONTO.

No love for bagpipes

In Mailbag (Oct. 11) nonresident Jean Shore informs us that our genuine queen is adapt to a Scottish dance passionately to the accompaniment of bagpipes. On the Canadian parade I often hear the wailing sounds of reelers and bluzzards and even in Vancouver I have been caught when I could not escape those [illegible] bagpipes distract dance. But I am having a hopeless of neutral person that is not knowledge bagpipes are not allowed in a maternity. — H. C. KINGSTON, VANCOUVER.

Air-frozen decorations

When did Rule Madison Go? (Oct. 11) was first work of fiction. There are complaint notes however. Your illustrator Don Anderson has placed his ribbons incorrectly on the flight jacket.

[illegible] The DFC has its stripes running the wrong way. The purple stripes should run from top inside to bottom outside. The red ribbon 1939-45 Star in error. The red and ribbons Air Crew Europe and African Star are in reverse order. In addition it appears that the African Star is reversed. In my copy of Montana the pale blue appears to be toward the centre of the body. It should be on the edge closest to the left shoulder. The CVSM (Korea) is correct but which is the War Medal always sold by mistake with the CVSM. — R. B. TURNEY-JOHNSTON.

Henderson meet Henderson?

It is said that people never know their selves. That could be true because I certainly did not recognize myself in your cartoon on the cover behind Canadian TV's most famous face. One point however I should like to clear up. I enjoy the best relations with the Bulova Watch Company for whose TV commercials I appear from coast to coast in Canada. It gave a bad feeling to gain impression of those relations to say that in 1946 (Hendersonville) I became a CBC radio announcer and during the next four years related to many hundreds that he still name least to hear the word Bulova.

For the rest I am content to let people judge for themselves what I am really like. — TERRY HENDERSON, HAMILTON, ONT.

Get rough with Russia?

I agree with Tan Yulong (Oct. 11) Stop Being Polite to the Russians. Oct. 11) that we are losing the propaganda battle with the Communists. But I cannot agree with his proposed nonsense offensive. Surely it would be criminal to encourage the peoples of eastern Europe to revolt when we cannot back them up to beat of shaking a world war. I am sure the Hungarian freedom fighters had some bitter thoughts on Western perfidy when remembering the warm words of Radio Free Europe. — HERBERT NORRIS, DUNSFORD, ONT. ★

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A MESSAGE FROM
Dr. J. Chapman Bradley

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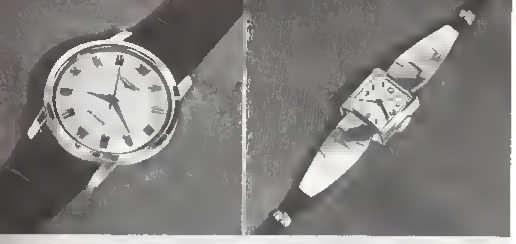

YOUR WATCH—IT RULES YOUR LIFE

DO YOU KNOW THE FACTS ON WHICH TO BASE THE PURCHASE OF A WORTH WHILE WATCH?

MOST INTIMATE of personal possessions *your watch* portrays not each precious hour keeps you in *time* with your busy private world Yet less than 10 per cent of us own or plan to buy, a truly first class watch The reason—most people do not know the facts!

The fact is that the ownership of a first class watch a Longines for instance costs less—rather than more—than cheaper watches Most watches under $20 at pin levels where thin metal pins substitute for the jewelled lever escapement This is the beating heart of your watch which functions 157 000,000 times a year!

But even in a jewelled lever watch perfect performance comes only from perfect manufacture through and through. In a Longines for instance many parts are fashioned to a microscopic 1/100,000ths of an inch Equally important wear and friction are reduced to the vanishing point assuring long life

In every field of human endeavor one product and one name stands out as pre-eminent Among watches, throughout the whole world that name is Longines During almost a century of achievement, Longines has continuously led in quality and true worth has won highest honors for excellence and elegance

For a little more than the cost of a good medium priced jewelled lever watch you may purchase a Longines rated by experts as the world's finest* With reasonable care a Longines watch will last an adult lifetime More important it actually improves with use running better than new after 10 or even 20 years!

Longines watches are not sold in every jewellery store *To buy a Longines* you must go to an authorized Longines Wittnauer Jeweller The cost can be as little as $85.00 With the few dollars that you would pay for a pin lever watch you can make the down payment on a Longines on an easy payment plan Your old watch will be accepted in trade at fair value Longines makes highest quality watches in the greatest variety of styles and types of any watchmaker in the world. The illustrations above are representative of the outstanding models of the 1959 Longines watches Visit your Longines Wittnauer Jeweller soon

*Except for certain hand made watches such as Vacheron & Constantin which sell at approximately three times Longines prices

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Cover: Peter Windley sits. The most baffling thing about late season football is not the way it turns on quarterback makes the ball bounce. It is the way the majority of ... bags of ... pink checked white ... blue. How soon?

THE COVER

Maclean's is published every Tuesday by the Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. Horace T. Hunter Chairman of the Board Floyd S. Chalmers President Donald F. Hunter Vice President Business Manager Head Office and Editorial Offices 481 University Avenue Toronto Canada Publication Office 128 Peel Street Montreal 2 Formats Branch Offices Toronto Montreal 5 Chicago 1 S A Modern Hunter Publishing Corp. Madison Ave New York 17 Great Britain Martin Hunter Limited 125 Strand London W C 2 Subscription rates In Canada ... $4.00 Other countries $6.00 per year Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department Ottawa Copyright 1958 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited Reproduction in whole or in part prohibited without permission Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by sufficient postage to return them if unsuitable

Bad lighting builds tension...

Frown lines come to stay when you submit to habitual lighting like this one! The pink boudoir lamps above are an actual handicap in applying make up. They are too low to light the face and the colour in the shades disguises natural skin tones

You're prettier when you pretty up this way! Taller lamps at **face height** with translucent shades in white ivory or champagne light the face evenly without deceptive shadows or colour distortion Use G-E 100 watt White Bulbs

General Electric shows you how to light right and live relaxed

Quiet evenings at home are far from restful in this room! The two reading lamps show both extremes One is too high so that the woman must shade her eyes, the other is too low, so that the man's book is in shadow

You relax in comfort when correct lighting eliminates eyestrain Here reading is made easy with lamps arranged so that lower edges of shades are at eye level There's direct light on the page but none in the eyes

"See your home in a new light"... is the title of a 40 page booklet that tells you how to light up your life for comfort in every room of your home! You'll find the types of fixtures to use, correct ways of placing them right bulb wattages—everything you need to know about home lighting—presented in easy to follow recipe style Send for your free copy of "See Your Home in a New Light" today! Write to Lamp Department, C G E, 165 Dufferin St, Toronto

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE NOVEMBER 8 1958

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the true story of a widow's estate

She was an elderly widow with no children. She wanted the bulk of her estate to go to her sisters in Scotland, but thought of giving some legacies and making charitable bequests in Canada. And she was anxious to have a suitable and dignified funeral. What she needed was simple enough, but how was she to be sure her wishes would be carried out *exactly* as she had planned? To make certain, she appointed a trust company her executor knowing she could rely on its permanence and experience.

You will find it interesting and helpful to discuss your own estate problems with your trust company. Why not give them a call today? Your enquiries will be cordially welcomed.

THE TRUST COMPANIES
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For the sake of argument

HUGH MACLENNAN TELLS

Why life is better in Britain

This spring and early summer I made a trip to Britain for the first time since the war. Talking to the British and seeing their faces gave me a feeling I had not felt for twenty years. When I was first in England I felt like a prisoner. I doubted if my Canadian friends felt that way now. But the last visit to England and Scotland together with the voyage on a British freighter showed me pretty clearly that in spite of post-war gains, perhaps in a few of them we have lost something too. Or perhaps I should say we are in danger of losing something, and that if we wish to maintain that something we would do well to learn from the assistance of England's wisdom and experience. What I am talking about is our happiness and emotional balance. For both of these previous nonmoralists are in danger in Canada and in a position unique.

Triple tragedy

We are too much influenced by the current American state of mind which all but swamps us. You may protest that there is nothing new or dangerous in this. Yet may answer and be right that Canada has been remoulded by American attitudes for years with no harm done. But I am not thinking of the last half century but of the last decade especially. I am thinking of the era which began when the United States entered the world war.

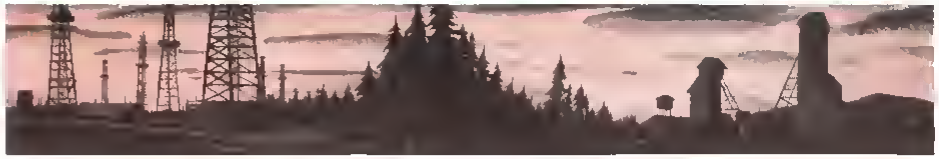
During the last three disciplines have occurred in the United States which I might be called tragic. The first was a deliberate and aggressive for short range political purposes of the nonmoral mind at home. The second was the decision—if anything so spontaneous could be called a decision—to insure the public in retain and to will agree to pay higher taxes by stimulating their fears. The third development is a consequence of the other two: we to create a kind of vested interest in fear and insecurity. No wonder the Americans have lost their sense of humor. No wonder they have become [illegible] unfortunate [illegible] of the kind which has been [illegible] developed in the United States cannot fail to warp the personal [illegible] of those [illegible]. Each year the Alsop brothers sound more hysterical. Each year America's foreign policy seems more [illegible] by misunderstanding mythologies, by [illegible] unable to deal with changing realities.

Exposed to this air in Canada to the constant American pressure we too are in danger of losing our sense of proportion and with it our capacity for normal human happiness. That I think is the third lesson why we can learn so much from the example of the British.

Happiness, the atmosphere and state of mind which produces happiness, was what I rediscovered in England this year. That the British are happier than we are on the continent seemed so self-evident that it was the only thing I observed over there that I think most important. Judge I by made that impression in the British are not doing badly, but of course they are not doing as well as we. I don't suppose that their standard of living is higher, that they are more efficient or that their cooking is any better than it ever was. But happier they certainly are, and that much I understood within three days of leaving Montreal.

On a very cold day in the Strand I was leaning on the [illegible] watching the sea and was passed by an American continued on page 68

THIS TREASURY HUGH MACLENNAN, A FREQUENT CONTRIBUTOR TO MACLEAN'S, WILL TELL US A MAJOR NEW NOVEL IN FEBRUARY



The future prosperity of every Canadian has its roots in this

MULTI-BILLION DOLLAR SKYLINE

[illegible] Today [illegible] staggering 2½ billion dollars [illegible] our forests and paper mills. Canada is the world's greatest single exporter of newsprint [illegible] over a billion dollars worth in 1957.

Few countries are as rich in Canada in mineral wealth. [illegible] Today's [illegible] 250,000 Canadians [illegible] rapidly expanding manufacturing industries.

The forest industries are the industry in Canada. Today's staggering 2½ billion dollars [illegible] our forests and paper mills. Canada is the world's greatest single exporter of newsprint [illegible] over a billion dollars worth in 1957.

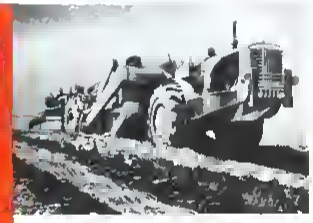
The petroleum industry has [illegible] growth in the last decade. In 1947 Canada produced 7½ million barrels of oil. Then Leduc signalled a new era. In 1957 production pushed to a phenomenal 181 million barrels, a twenty fold increase in ten years. Today Canada's oil fields have the capacity to supply our own needs. The natural gas industry has increased [illegible] from 50 billion cubic feet in 1947 to [illegible] 215 billion cubic feet in 1957.

The almost miraculous growth of our natural resources industries has not been confined to these. Imaginative skill and ingenuity in Canada has made of growth that brings prosperity to every Canadian.

Modern equipment has been essential in working this modern miracle. Canada is not an easy land to conquer, and the giant crawlers and earthmovers have played their part in harvesting the stored up wealth of Canada.

A giant diamond drill crawler tractor smashes a prospect mind through darkness to the mineral exploration team that follows. The pipelines that snake across Canada are built quickly and economically by International tractors. The Superior pipe boomer.

Today's woodsman operations demand the high production only machines like these can deliver. Above, an International crawler takes the giants of the west coast in tow. Below, the hands International-Drott makes short work of loading pulp logs.



Removing overburden is alone the first step in opening a new strip mine. Here the International Payscraper puts another mine into production. The mammoth Bucyrus takes giant leads of the rock to the crusher for processing into concentrate.

International Harvester is proud of the part its equipment has played in the growth of Canada's natural resources industries

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[illegible] automobile [illegible] such swirling changes [illegible] Are [illegible] has [illegible]

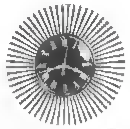
The 1959 Chevrolet is an [illegible] car. Shaped to reveal your taste in style. Designed to meet [illegible] your desire for greater [illegible] and comfort. Engineered to bring you greater safety, economy, ease of handling and smoothness of ride.

Here's the new Sheldon design [illegible] Bodies by Fisher [illegible] And you'll [illegible] thought the new Vista Panoramic windshield [illegible] overhead. It's more than 30 per cent larger.

There's much, much more. A new steering ratio makes handling easier [illegible]

'59 CHEVROLET

What Canada wants, Canada gets in a Chevy!



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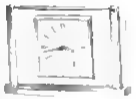

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Letter from Hong Kong

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

What it's like on the Chinese border

A few hours ago, arriving by two Bamboo, the dainty commissionaire and police affairs I stood at the border between British territory and Communist China. On one side of the frontier were some ten smiling Communist Chinese soldiers, smart of appearance and each armed with a Sten gun which he held like a banjo.

Opposite them were ten Hong Kong Chinese police also complete with Sten gun. Between the two lines of sentries was the middle of the mountain road, a mere strip which was unofficially accepted as a no man's land, and the frontier territory.

There we stood in complete silence. A group of Communist officers visited the end of the line we started at them. But behind we heard the shriek of a railway train which the Chinese again.

These boys in uniform had no quarrel with each other. Their language was the same. Yet there they stood ready to fall in be killed if a Sten spat out of turn.

All around us were the lovely lonely hills, yet not far back on the road there was a golf course, marking the thirty of Western civilization. But at that frontier post a game even more grim than golf was being played. East is east and west is west. Yet on this silent mountain road the twain had met.

When our party had stopped long enough to prove that we would move of our own volition and at the moment of our choosing, we turned round and turned around. One last glimpse we of the two lines of Chinese soldiers standing motionless and silent but armed to kill. It was only a strip of road, yet it marked the line between two worlds.

A couple of hours later we reached a splendid country house turned into a country club where I was to be the luncheon guest of the British journalists in Hong Kong. It was good to be with them again for the journalist more than any other man is tuned to the serious comedy. He is the grandson of contemporary historians who lights and needles and looks on yesterday as ancient history, the sentimentalist who marks his own lines.

So we ate and drank and talked of newspapers and it was time for me to cross the harbor to Government House to collect my things, including my wife, and go back to the Hong Kong airdrome for the

continued on page 96

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So fill up with B A Velvet 98 gasoline—modern made for modern Canada on the move.

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THE BRITISH AMERICAN OIL COMPANY LIMITED

MACLEAN'S FIRST STORY SERIES

Where do we stand in defense?

BEGINNING THREE-PART REPORT BY **BLAIR FRASER**

No. 1: Our airborne Maginot Line

No problem facing the [illegible] defense. In some ways the problem has been simplified by our geographical and political position under the wing of the mighty U.S.A. In other ways it has been complicated and confused by the very same factors.

Six months ago Maclean's Ottawa editor, Blair Fraser, set out on a roving assignment that took him to military and diplomatic installations on three continents. His job was to do what a layman could to break the problem down into its component parts and try to make them recognizable to other laymen. He soon found himself seeking answers to two main sets of questions. One has to do with our national sovereignty. Has Canada any real freedom of choice left in its military affairs? Has Canada any effective voice in deciding whether, and when and how the massive retaliation of a thermonuclear bomb would be launched? Have we any real control over our own destiny, or are we just bound and blindfolded passengers in an American chariot?

The second set of questions deals with our safety and survival. How good are the costly shields we and our allies are building? They're designed to protect us against manned aircraft, but what protects us against missiles? What is the real danger, and what kind of war are we able to fight? What happens if the enemy wages an unexpected kind of war in which our northward looking aerial defenses have no role to play? Finally, there is the deepest and most sobering question of all: can we survive another war win or lose?

No one, as Fraser says, has the final answers to these questions, or to any single one of them. In this, the first of three important and engrossing articles, he weighs the probabilities.

Key to our key weapons is NORAD's Combat Operations Centre (left) at Colorado Springs. Duty officer is an RCAF squadron leader. NORAD arms BOMARC (top right) and NIKE (below) are operational. F-104 fighter (above) is just reaching production. Canada's Avro Arrow (below) may not. Far right: SAC's B-52—the big deterrent.

Our airborne Maginot Line is already the most colossal defense system in history. But while the planners draft massive additions, skeptics insist we're arming for the wrong war

Where do we stand in defense: 1

By Blair Fraser

At ten minutes to five one morning last autumn Air Marshal Roy Slemon was awakened by the bedside telephone at his home in Colorado Springs. Slemon is deputy commander of North American Air Defense (NORAD) and U.S. General Earle Partridge was away that day on an inspection tour: the Canadian air marshal was in charge for both countries. His telephone call came from the officer who was on duty at NORAD combat operations centre.

"I think you'd better come down, sir. Things don't look very good."

Nine minutes later Slemon was there, looking at the big glass map on which every unidentified aircraft in flight over North America is marked in orange chalk. It always shows a few—among the two hundred thousand flights of an average day a dozen will normally be off course or for some other reason unaccounted for. Occasionally a Canadian or American fighter might be ordered up to take a look, but even this would be no cause for alarm. What NORAD is watching for is a pattern—a lot of unknown aircraft all appearing at once and all headed for North American target areas.

Slemon found himself looking at just such a pattern. The map showed half a dozen unidentified planes flying very high across the coast of Labrador, bound south-west. Four more were approaching New York from the Atlantic. Another group appeared off Florida. Over the Pacific coast, where a big U.S. bomber force had just completed an attack exercise, came another and unknown fleet of about the same size.

For a few more spine-chilling minutes while NORAD's network of communications crackled alerts in all directions, the map continued to look as if this were the Kremlin's choice for D-Day. Then quite suddenly it all cleared up. Four aircraft were identified as commercial airliners off course because of bad weather. Four others were U.S. bombers of the Strategic Air Command (SAC) whose flight plans had not been sent to NORAD as they should have been. The attacking fleet on the west coast turned out to be electronic ghosts set off by the American bomber exercise in the Pacific, designed as countermeasures to fool the Russian air defense system. They had worked very well at fooling our own.

Against the day when this false alarm might become real, Canada and the U.S. have created the biggest, the most elaborate, the most expensive system of continental defense the world has ever seen. It has seven major elements, five of them purely defensive and two of them means of counterattack. continued on page 57

The "royal family" of the Laurentians

When young Lucile Wheeler brought a world ski crown back to St. Jovite she set the seal on her adventurous family's achievements as pioneers in winter sport, aviation and the gentle art of snaring tourists

By McKenzie Porter

In the dashing, handsome sanvivial cult of skiing Lucile Wheeler a lithe grey eyed softly spoken redhead from St Jovite is the Laurentian Mountains of Quebec his few peers During the world championships organized last winter by the International Ski Federation at Bad Gastein Austria this twenty three year-old daughter of a Canadian innkeeper won the women's downhill race thus becoming on a pair of waxed boards the fastest girl alive

As she hurtled down the one and-three-quarter mile course with its tortuous turns and half raising jumps there were moments when Lucile touched sixty miles an hour and her skis seemed to be "full of life" Scudding over ice smashing through soft snow rocking into the curves and crouching for the leaps she made the descent in two minutes twelve and one tenth seconds Previously at Bad Gastein records had been broken by tenths of a second Lucile broke the existing record by five seconds The runners up were Frieda Danzer of Switzerland and Carla Marchelli of Italy both earlier holders of the title

After her victory had been cheered by sixty thousand spectators Lucile said to Egon Salvenmoser her Austrian coach "Well I've done what I set out to do" From the age of ten she had been determined to break the European monopoly of world skiing titles

Today at St Jovite Lucile Wheeler is doing secretarial work for her parents business Gray Rocks Inn a big rambling comfortable resort that stands by the shores of Lac Ouimet In the shadow of Mont Tremblant on the northern rim of the Laurentian range She has retired from competitive skiing partly because she can go no further partly because she intends to marry in a year's time and partly because she's grown a little tired of publicity

Even so Lucile has given other Canadian skiers an idol to boast about and dealt a blow at the inferiority complex that has tended to mar Canadian performances at international meetings in Europe Lucile has also publicized throughout the world the winter sports attractions of her native Laurentians a six hundred square-mile range of mountains that begins thirty miles and ends ninety miles north of Montreal

This was strangely appropriate for it was Lucile's family that led the way in transforming the Laurentians from a region of scrub farms and small logging camps into a playground that now resembles Switzerland and takes in more than a hundred million dollars a year from tourists

Lucile's grandmother eighty nine year-old Mrs George Wheeler founded Gray Rocks Inn the oldest vacation hotel in the Laurentians in 1902 By entertaining Les Voyageurs Bleu a rollicking Montreal snow shoe club Mrs Wheeler originated the Laurentians reputation for winter sports

Lucile's uncle sixty four year-old Tom Wheeler now the millionaire president of Wheeler Airlines Ltd one of the most far flung and diversified of North American transportation companies managed Gray Rocks from 1926 to 1950 During that time he brought the Laurentian backwoods such unexpected and revolutionary refinements as the

continued on page 93

AT GRAY ROCKS INN Harry Wheeler and his family [illegible] from entertaining guests [illegible] the majority flying up from the U.S. [illegible] a spirited rubbage [illegible] Harry's opposite for this friend is daughter Lucile Mrs Wheeler knits sons Tom Hellit and Harry Kibitz

At Bad Gastein [illegible] ght an attack of [illegible] in the world's downhill title for women [illegible] a new record

In New England Harry Wheeler raced his Siberian sled dogs to a 1935 championship He went on to win the Quebec Derby

AT LAC OUIMET the Wheelers second plush lodge directly across the lake from Gray Rocks Harry's brother Tom visits with their 89 year-old mother She describes herself as "spry as a willow branch" leaves her room for a daily scansion among the vacationers

STUBBORN B.C. FARMER William Pybus camped in path of bulldozers. He demanded payment for moving barns on his expropriated property—and got it.

EXPROPRIATION: the fear and the facts

In this fast-building country expropriation is hitting property holders in new thousands and becoming an ominous bogey to the rest. These misunderstood laws do usurp some private rights. Here's what they can—and can't—do to you

By Douglas Dacre

Since the end of the war the dynamic expansion of Canada's economy has made many property owners vaguely and uneasily aware of a tangled web of legislation known as the laws of expropriation.

These statutes empower federal, provincial and municipal governments to confiscate any privately owned land or buildings they may need for defense works, airports, harbors, highways, universities, schools, city halls, car parks, sewage plants, and scores of other facilities that benefit the community at large. Similar powers are vested in certain railroad, gas, oil, hydro, seaway and other privately or publicly owned utility companies to secure rights-of-way for tracks, pipelines and power cables.

The owner is entitled to compensation computed by independent appraisers and adjusted if necessary by a judge or arbitrator. But only under exceptional circumstances may he retake or recover his property.

Although the laws of expropriation repudiate the old ideal that a man's home is his castle, economists regard them as essential to progress. If they were abolished tomorrow landowners would be able to block schemes of national importance by refusing to part with their holdings or by demanding prices that would cripple the taxpayer and the consumer.

Every landowner in Canada, whether he is a British Columbia shopkeeper with a few feet of main street front, an Alberta rancher with hundreds of square miles of range, an Ontario suburbanite with deeds to a pocket handkerchief backyard, or a Nova Scotia millionaire with a big seaside estate, is equally vulnerable to expropriation.

Once a government department or authorized utility company has expropriated his land, the owner can retrieve it only if he can prove to the satisfaction of a judge that the applicants are motivated by improper or dishonest intentions. If the owner cannot prove such a charge—and there is no record in Canada of one ever being substantiated—then his property is lost. He cannot keep it for reasons of sentiment or attachment, or on the grounds that it is vital to his livelihood or even on the claim that the authority concerned is failing to act in the public interest.

All acts of expropriation are intended to serve the public interest. The person responsible for safeguarding the public interest is invariably a provincial or federal cabinet minister. Ministers of the crown are responsible even in the case of expropriations by town councils and privately owned utility companies. continued on page 51

RESIGNED ONTARIO FARMER Isaac McCredy (left) learned from highways department official that buildings on one of his two farms will be demolished, second [illegible] be moved.

Expropriators josh themselves

These drawings from the handbook used by Ontario highways expropriators spoof

PLANNING AND DESIGN

PURCHASE NEGOTIATIONS

ARBITRATION

PAYMENT

BY BEN LAPPIN

ILLUSTRATED BY DESMOND ENGLISH

THE HOLDUP

It happened in a bank, and Uncle Beinish was holding the gun when the police came running—into the most cockeyed snafu that ever turned a detective grey

Whatever opposition the leaden-eyed gunman might have envisaged when he shoved his revolver into the bank teller's face he couldn't in his wildest dreams have reckoned on meeting up with my Uncle Beinish. The events which followed the desperado's unhappy decision to invade the McCaul and Baldwin Street Branch of the Mutual Bank of Canada bore my uncle's inimitable touch all right. Nevertheless he took everlasting pride in this larceny as one of his finest if not the finest of all the good deeds of mitzvah is he referred to them in biblical Hebrew he went about performing so avidly. But this to put it mildly has always been considered a minority opinion by the fifteen or so others trapped in this unlikely holdup by the gunman—or was it by my uncle? To this very day none of them is quite sure which.

To look at him one never would have suspected anything untoward about Uncle Beinish. I can't recall any unusual feature about this short heavy set middle aged man that might have caused anyone to stop and look in his direction—except perhaps for his outsized head and its thick crop of tightly curled grey hair. But the utility of this characteristic was in a manner of speaking strictly seasonal in that once every five or six weeks or so several days prior to his harem he'd look like a ponderous unshorn lamb. Nor were there any of the familiar uncle quirks about him. He was not an inventor or a busybody or a lazy bachelor and certainly not one of those formidable wrestling uncles whose visits are apt to finish up with a casualty or two among the nephews or nieces. Uncle Beinish was none of these. But he was the consummate master of the snafu and by comparison the common garden varieties of eccentricity that uncles in general bring to the human race pale into insignificance. His gift for addling people he brought not only to such celebrated affairs as that attempted bank robbery but into ordinary everyday incidents as well.

For instance just to make sure that nothing went wrong his wife would invariably accompany him when he'd go to pay his respects to a bereaved family. Once he went by himself on such a mission and landed up in the wrong home. Before things were straightened away the mother had fainted her four children were weeping and screaming and the man he presumed dead had to come dashing home from a Turkish bath to prove he was alive and well before peace and quiet were restored to his home. When my uncle entered a situation he'd invariably set loose a chain reaction of bizarre events so that a kind of bewildering new reality would emerge at the other end.

Take that robbery with the ancient desperado. Now bank robberies follow one of two pre-ordained courses either they are foiled or they're carried off successfully. But with Uncle Beinish on hand to pay his gas bill the order of things inevitably gave way with the result that a billowing confusion descended on Mutual's little branch in the heart of Toronto's immigrant section during the Thirties and enveloped the gunman the line of depositors the entire staff from manager to messenger and no less than four policemen who'd rushed up in a cruiser siren screeching and all.

The only creature whose lines of communication with my uncle remained unscrambled was his horse Shimshon. The animal was a lamentable specimen but just the **continued on page 40**

ON A HISTORIC BLUFF Ken and Elizabeth Johnstone stood above Wolfe's Cove while he mentioned how on the battle fought nearby

A Maclean's LEISURE IN CANADA feature

Holiday weekend in Quebec City

A writer who was there when Churchill met Roosevelt in Quebec returns for a holiday steeped in history, spiced with Gallic gaiety and *haute cuisine*, and set off by the romantic skyline of Canada's most charming city

By Ken Johnstone PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASIL ZAROV

AT A PATIO CAFE they sipped drinks and debated Quebec's [illegible]

I suppose most city dwellers prefer their own city to any other if they didn't presumably they would have moved long since to the city of their choice. I know this is true of most Montrealers. Talk to them of a trip to Toronto and their lips curl in disgust. Go to Ottawa and they yawn with boredom and as for the west, only the prospect of travelling with a potential Grey Cup winner would lure them on an excursion into that hinterland. Yet there is one city for which most Montrealers confess a great weakness and it is a weakness that I suspect is shared by many others who are otherwise parochial hometown boosters: this is Quebec City.

Quebec City! The very mention of the name conjures up visions of the past, of that dashing adventurer, explorer and scientist Champlain landing here to found the first city of Canada back in 1608, of Phips and his fleet in 1690 prowling below its battlements and safely out of range as the haughty Frontenac replied to his insulting demand for surrender: "I will answer you general only by the mouths of my cannon." of that eventful night in 1759 when Wolfe's men scaled its craggy cliffs and slipped past a sleep guard to land in Montcalm's rear and force a battle that decided the fate of a continent, of Montgomery's siege of 1775 and the hand-to-hand fighting in Lowertown which ended in Montgomery's death and the withdrawal of the American forces, and from recent years memories of the two latest Quebec Conferences of World War II when the late Prime Minister Mackenzie King played host to Roosevelt and Churchill as the Allies mapped out their strategy for the second front. Surely if Canada can boast a historic city, this is it. Visiting Quebec is like visiting your own birthplace and assuring yourself that, after all, you were not just a bundle left on the doorstep by wandering gypsies from Europe.

It was with such thoughts that my wife and I recently accepted an assignment from Maclean's to spend a weekend in Quebec City and it was with a pleasant feeling of anticipation and excitement that we drove along the south shore on Highway 9 (the shortest route between Montreal and Quebec City) and topped a rise to the otherwise straight and flat road to get the first glimpse of our destination. Before us appeared the many gardened, arching, green frame of the Quebec Bridge rising from the steep banks of the St. Lawrence and blending with the foliage at either end to form a foreground for the first soft outline of the city, its green tipped roof tops touched by the last slanting rays of the sun and framed against the lowering and rolling black backdrop of the Laurentides beyond. It seemed truly a city of beauty and mystery and promise, and not quite real.

The last light of day vanished as we crossed the bridge. Beads of twinkling lights in the city, red ships lights in the dark shadows of the river below completed the transformation to night as we drove along the great wide Boulevard Sir Wilfrid Laurier which changed to gracious Grande Allée, as we entered the city itself. We came at once under the spell of Quebec, its gentle, pace, and elegant atmosphere. And as we followed the length of Grande Allée, picking our way past an occasional calèche and victoria, we entered the old walled city with its narrow winding streets, grey stone houses with unbroken fronts and its haunting feeling of linking the present with centuries past. And then we came to the Chateau Frontenac, green roofed and turreted like a medieval castle and dominating the old city night and day.

Probably most English speaking tourists go directly to the Chateau, for it dominates the hotel scene as its outline dominates the skyline. Its total of 678 rooms is equal to the total of the next five largest hotels, the Saint Roch, Victoria, Saint Louis, Clarendon and Chateau Champlain. Its prices are higher, too. Double rooms with bath range from fourteen to twenty one dollars at the Chateau. The Saint Roch runs between seven and nine dollars, Victoria and Saint Louis between ten and twelve, the Clarendon (where I stayed during the Quebec Conferences) from eleven to fourteen, and Chateau Champlain from six to eight dollars a day.

We might have stopped at any number of motels on the way in, on either side of

AT THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD at the Citadel Ken snapped, Elizabeth threw a snappy salute

IN A FASHION SALON Elizabeth dickered for a bargain bathing suit. She wore it in a heated pool that afternoon

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

PLUNGING like a walrus in reverse into friend Roger Lemelin's pool, Ken Johnstone tried to shower Elizabeth

PROPPING up a wall on an ancient street that climbs from Lower to Uppertown they savored Quebec's "tranquility"

"We came at once under the spell of ancient Quebec—its gentle pace and elegant atmosphere"

the river. Top price there was ten dollars with the 110-unit Auberge du Boulevard Laurier at the north end of the bridge the biggest of them all.

And then, of course, for people who want to visit Quebec City on a shoestring there are hundreds of rooms to rent, comfortable and well-furnished many with parking privileges, with a top price of nine dollars and as little as a dollar to a dollar and a half in the off-season for rooms that are quite clean and comfortable in the walled city itself.

We chose none of these. Instead, upon the recommendation of a good friend who lives in Quebec City, Roger Lemelin of television Plouffe Family fame, we stopped at the Chateau Laurier a modest sixty-room hostelry right on Grande Allee near the provincial parliament building. He had said: "All the French Canadian intellectuals from Montreal stay there. Even if you are neither they are broad-minded and you will like the atmosphere."

He was right. The place had a warm and hospitable appearance and we found our twin bedded room quite modern and up to date with radio and television at eleven dollars a day. It commanded a view of spacious Place Georges V with the Armouries in the foreground and the Citadel and the old city beyond. And the celebrated Georges V restaurant was attached to the hotel. We hastily unpacked and went down to try it out.

Quebec City restaurants rate among the very best in the land and of these I soon discovered the Georges V was among the leaders. While Elizabeth—that's my wife—and I sipped our aperitifs, we studied the menu. It began with the injunction: "Bon *Appetit* ... *Large Sinf* ... et *ne battez pas votre femme* ! ! !" and it offered a large array of tempting *hors d'oeuvres* but we skipped them for soup. Elizabeth ordered onion soup served French style and I settled for sherry consommé. Then Elizabeth went exotic with shrimps flambé and not to be outdone, I called for pepper steak flambéed in armagnac. The steak, golden brown and covered with tiny peppercorns, was a good inch and a half thick. Both it and the shrimps gave off tantalizing aromas as they were flambéed at the table in copper saucepans, the *maitre d'hôtel* deftly flipping the liquor over them and stirring the sauce briskly as all that good alcohol went up in blue flames. We skipped vegetables in favor of a crisp chef's salad with a suspicion of garlic in it, and I ordered a '53 Riesling, a dry Alsatian wine, for the shrimps, and then drank most of it myself. Elizabeth had an impressive French pastry featuring fresh cherries for her dessert and I had a Rhum Baba that was really soaked in rum. Cognac and a cigar with the coffee began to make me feel like an ancient French *seigneur* and I paid the formidable check with a flourish.

By now it was close to midnight, and Elizabeth showed definite signs of weariness. But I still felt wide awake, so I told her I would have a look around and she went off to bed. I drove down Grande Allee, now almost deserted, through the old walled city to a night-spot on St. Jean Street appropriately called A La Porte St. Jean. Quebec City has no claim to being a city of night clubs, rather it boasts of having more churches per capita than Rome. But a number of restaurants have floor shows and A La Porte St. Jean is the biggest and best of these. Others are Chez Gerard in Lowertown under the same management but catering to a more rugged audience, the Chez Emile with more elevated entertainment, Au Bal Tabarin, Le Bard d'Hutte and Lorette, all advertising floor shows of varying quality.

The Porte St. Jean featured a lively ice show, Jack Kelly's Ice Frolics of 1958, and it was just about broken up completely by the zany antics of a typical drunken American tourist who leaped out to be Escu La Rue and part of the show.

His act began with the garrulous table-hopping and vivid drunken applause of a happy celebrate and built up to a scene on the ice that had the audience in a panic. After the show I had a happy inspiration and a confidential word with Esco La Rue. I told him: "Tomorrow night I'm going to bring my wife to see the show, but I won't tell her about you." He grinned: "I'll be looking for you." continued on page 74

PADDLING barefoot [illegible] on Ile d'Orleans. Elizabeth raised the after-effects of a long tramping [illegible]

PAUSING [illegible] in Holiday Terrace [illegible] young [illegible] passing

PRAISING girl sized troubador [illegible] song. Although they were a welcome in narrow Rue Sous le Cap

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

When Vancouver turned back the Sikhs

For sixty days in 1914 a shipload of would-be Indian immigrants was held just off shore by an angry province determined to "stay white." They fought off police, struggled in the courts, gave up when menaced by the navy, but left behind a legacy of death

BY RAY GARDNER ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES HILL

Eager for a first glimpse of the land where they sought release from Asia's hopeless poverty almost four hundred immigrants from India swarmed the decks of the Japanese tramp S.S. Komagata Maru as she steamed into Vancouver harbor one May morning forty-four years ago. Many waved excitedly to the small band of their countrymen who had gathered on the waterfront to welcome them while from the bridge a signaller exchanged formal greetings, by semaphore, with those ashore.

All were dressed in their best. The men wore Western-style suits and hat for a handful of Moslems aboard wore their long upswept hair swathed in turbans as decreed by the Sikh religion. Physically at least they were men of a superior stamp—tall, broad of shoulder, their bronzed faces framed by meticulously groomed beards and their smiles revealing flawless teeth white and even. They were described even by the hostile Vancouver press as "a handsome lot."

The only two women aboard were clothed in saris of brightly colored silk. The three children all boys were neatly clad in knickers and like their elders had their heads bound in turbans. About them on the landing deck their luggage was piled high ready to go ashore.

But their ship was not even allowed to dock and eventually they were to face the six inch guns of a Canadian cruiser manned by sailors rushed by train all the way from Halifax to back up the local determination to keep British Columbia a white man's country.

Three laws had been passed to prevent immigrants from India entering Canada. These laws were applied to bar the men of the Komagata Maru.

For two months—from May 23 to July 23, 1914 — the Komagata Maru rode at anchor in Burrard Inlet while the Indians nearly all veterans of the British Army's famous Sikh regiments fought for the right to settle in Canada. Most of them were named Singh meaning "lion" a name common to the majority of Sikhs since the end of the seventeenth century when to survive persecution they transformed themselves from a pacifist sect of Hindusim into a fierce ly militant one.

Before them the continued on page 63

There were almost 400 Sikhs aboard. When Inspector Reid came out they threatened to hold him hostage for food

The Sikhs rained down garbage chairs scrap metal and coal. The police boat fled eight miles west to hospital

Courtroom secrets of a master lawyer

Next to Perry Mason, Joe Cohen probably rings more switches on the law than any criminal lawyer in the business. What if his legal sleight of hand sets a guilty client free? Cohen calls that "a healthy situation"

By Eric Hutton PHOTOGRAPH BY BASIL ZARIFF

Recently a group of Montreal policemen got into a locker room discussion of what to do if they themselves got into trouble. The almost unanimous verdict was: Hire Joe Cohen — if you can afford him.

Since the officers were referring to a man who frequently spoils their own best cases, this was a realistic tribute to the courtroom astuteness of Joseph Cohen, a Russian-born Montreaker whom colleagues call "a lawyer's lawyer" and clients in large numbers regard as the defense most likely to succeed.

Cohen modestly considers himself somewhat less than infallible. "In Toronto they call Arthur Martin, the lawyer whose clients never hang," he said recently. "I don't claim that."

Actually only two of the thirty-five murder suspects Cohen has defended in his forty-seven years as a lawyer have been executed. But Cohen is often called in to bolster the appeals of men already convicted, and he has lost five such last-ditch clients to the gallows.

Even this is construed as a backhand testimony to his abilities. "There are lawyers who won't admit a case is finally lost until Cohen has had a go at it," one of them commented.

Unusual cases gravitate to Cohen: cases like the longest in Canadian criminal-court annals, in which Cohen made one of his rare appearances on the prosecutor's side. This was the ten years of trials, appeals, mistrials and re-trials of Dr. Leon Azulay, who was finally freed of an abortion-death charge. Cohen represented the "victim" in the only high seas piracy trial since Confederation. He lost the swiftest verdict in a major criminal case when Fred Rose, MP, was convicted in thirty-four minutes, after the jury in the first of the spy ring prosecu- continued on page 46

Brandishing one of his daily cigars, Cohen talks with admirers in Montreal's superior court lobby. Some lawyers "won't admit a case is lost" till Cohen has had a crack at it

FIRE ANT
The U.S. can't control it. It may hit Canada next

Have the insects got us licked?

There are two million kinds of them. They kill forests, eat crops and spread plague. We're fighting back with DDT and newer poisons—we've even enlisted radiation—but they're getting wilier and tougher

BY N. J. BERRILL
DRAWINGS BY LUC LAMOUR

Early in 1939 millions of farmers, foresters, gardeners and ordinary people who just like sitting out on the front porch read what seemed to them to be the most important war communique in history.

The spectacular insect-killing properties of a wonderful chemical called DDT had just been discovered and man was about to win an unconditional surrender from his oldest and most implacable foe. To vast numbers of people to whom no war between man and man had brought direct suffering, this was more exciting news than Alamein or Normandy.

In the nineteen years since DDT has indeed brought some victories for its human sponsors. So have other post-war weapons and means of using them. But already some of these victories have proved to be only local and many others temporary. A few have actually rebounded and may in the end do the human race more harm than good. Scientists are still searching for a foolproof weapon. The newest, as yet used only in the laboratory, involves sterilizing the insects with hormones and using them to upset the natural life cycle. But despite research like this, if the war ever ends the insects will almost certainly be the winners.

This is how we stand today.

If a visitor from Mars dropped in to have a look at us he would report that the land is covered with vegetation and mainly infested with human beings and insects.

According to the fossil record, giant cockroaches were chewing up the old fern forests and giant dragonflies swooped around with a gleam in their eyes for many million years before the first animal with a backbone crawled out of the water. Insects had a long head-start on our most remote land-living ancestors and in a sense they have been waiting for us ever since. When man first appeared on the scene he was, from the viewpoint of insects, just a wonderful expense of thin naked skin with tasty blood beneath. If he died from diseases carried by the insects, that was his bad luck.

Only since we settled down to farm and mine the land a few thousand years ago and began to look on the earth with all its animals, minerals and vegetables as exclusively our own, have we started to fight back. Our wins have been matched against the insect's capacity to multiply and to change its nature.

The weapons our side is using in this grim chemical warfare sometimes backfire, or go off in the wrong direction. For example, spruce budworm, which is the larva of a sawfly, threatens the existence of spruce and pine forests in both northeastern and northwestern America. In New Brunswick and southern Quebec several million dollars are spent each year by lumber companies for aerial spraying of the forests with DDT. Each season the trees are for the most part saved for another year, and so long as winters continue to be so much milder and more congenial to the budworm than they need to be, such treatment may be necessary. The DDT kills the budworm grubs, and the chemical is washed by the rains into the soil and down to the streams and rivers. But the aquatic insects that form much of the food of fishes, and the fish themselves, are both susceptible to DDT. Since the New Brunswick rivers are noted for their continued on page 54

TENT CATERPILLAR
Every ten or twelve years it sweeps in force across Canada

FLEA
It's brought a growing threat of bubonic plague to the west

EUROPEAN CORN BOREN
Each year it runs up a farm loss of hundreds of millions

APHID
It multiplies a million times faster than the house fly

JAPANESE BEETLE
The DDT that will kill it also threatens the insects we need

Nothing succeeds like Charles Templeton

Globe-trotting celebrity Templeton [illegible] plently in the [illegible] of Monte Carlo hotel [illegible] a CBC TV assignment [illegible] TV [illegible] Europe.

Since his tortured decision to leave the church he's been hailed as television's brightest new find. But he's been hailed before—as a halfback, sports cartoonist, boy evangelist, playwright, author—and now he's thinking about politics

By John Clare

At forty-one, an age when most men are established in or resigned to the pattern created by their jobs and their home lives Charles Templeton decided, in one tortured month to give up not only a long and brilliant career as a minister of the Gospel but his marriage as well.

The conflict far fiercer than any of the prize fights about which Templeton feels the way Ernest Hemingway feels about bullfights left him exhausted spiritually and physically He had new and frightening pains across his chest and ulcerous twinges spasmodically seared his stomach He returned to Canada from the United States where he had been secretary of evangelism for the Presbyterian Church and went into a kind of retreat in a cabin he bought in the rugged vacation country of Georgian Bay When he emerged he was still taut still a little punch drunk but still sure he had done what he had to do. This assurance was to give him strength to withstand the blast of vituperation some of it from people in the church which assailed him for having left the ministry.

In the brief case he took with him to Toronto, when he returned to the outside world were three television plays two of them written during his vigil They were to provide the beginning of a new career, as brilliant in its way as the one on which he had just turned his back for the CBC immediately bought two of the plays

While he was in Toronto to peddle his plays he appeared as a guest on the television show Tabloid He caught the eye of the show's producer Ross McLean who was in the process of gathering a team of interviewers for a new feature to be called Close-Up. McLean hired Templeton as an interviewer at a hundred and fifty dollars a week to be paid whether or not he appeared in every show The short term contract which Templeton never bothered to sign, was later replaced by another running for a year

By midsummer of 1958, at the end of his first year in his new job Templeton had received the Maurice Rosenfield award as the brightest freshman in Canadian television by a vote of his fellow performers in the industry he was making twelve and a half thousand dollars annually and was turning down work because he was either too busy or because he feared overexposure might blight his swiftly flowering career Three of his plays—Matter of Principle and Biography of a Crime on the hour long General Motors Theatre and Absentee Murder on the half-hour On Camera series—had been bought for twenty-five hundred dollars, counting resales to the BBC and the Australian network He had written and narrated two television documentaries as well as filling in on Tabloid for a month at two hundred and fifty dollars a week, for Percy Saltzman—the man whose interview gave him his start

He was heard in place of Lister Sinclair on the radio panel show Court of Opinion and later became one of the show's regular panel. When he appeared to have won an audition, involving sixty candidates, for a place on a new TV panel show One of a Kind he withdrew because McLean warned him against being seen too often.

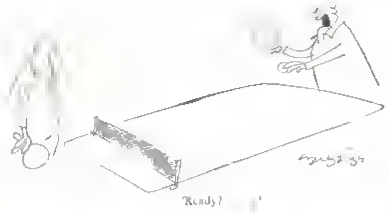
McLean recalled recently that he was professionally attracted to the former minister by his appearance his poise before the camera his articulateness his personality and his workmanlike manner

Templeton is six feet tall dark and has the wide shoulders and the lithe frame of a halfback a position he played for Balmy Beach when he was sports cartoonist on the Toronto Globe His features have been described as a handsome composite of those of Sir Laurence Olivier and Dennis Day He gives the impression of being impeccably groomed although he protests that he spends little time or thought on his clothes Most of his nine suits for which he paid about eighty dollars each came off the rack "I'm not the sort of person who spends a lot of time matching ties socks and handkerchiefs," he says

His poise comes from years of experience as a preacher During his evangelist days he was almost as popular as the Billy Graham of today and spoke night after night to big audiences in all parts of Canada and the U S **continued on page 56**

Big-name evangelist in 1950, at this Youth for Christ rally Templeton was in Billy Graham's class as a touring evangelist

Interviewer at work CBC cameramen move in on Templeton and Somerset Maugham at the British author's Riviera villa



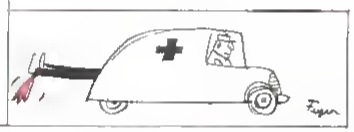
"Ready?"

Sweet & sour

Same time, same place

It's so many people, much to my sorrow
Are here today and here tomorrow

NICK BUZZELLI



You, too, can follow TV drama

It takes a nimble mind to follow the typical television drama these days. The legend "The Man Who Was Somebody Else" is flashed upon the screen and then we see a scene of two men arguing in a North Woods setting. This we assume is the beginning of the play. But in one minute and eighteen seconds it evaporates and again we see the legend "The Man Who Was Somebody Else" followed by a list of producer, author and cast. Next we see more action—a line of chorus girls in a Broadway night club.

Now this probably is the beginning. But what about that North Woods scene? Just where will it fit into the play? From my experience I suggest the following possibilities:

1. First act climax
2. Final scene of play
3. Episode leading to commercial of sponsor of third portion of play
4. Actual disguised start of a commercial
5. Flashback of episode that took place thirty-five years previously
6. Dream sequence as dreamed by hero in middle of the second act
7. Interlude scene for national campaign against forest fires
8. Episode from next week's drama
9. From drama two weeks from tonight
10. Actual beginning after all. (Highly unlikely, of course, but they could have put in that night-club scene to throw us off the scent.)

—PARKE CUMMINGS

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Remodel living as
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It's Instant Time packed
in a bottle
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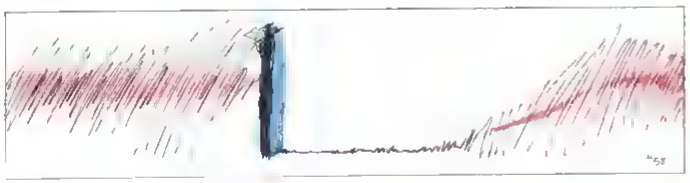
as required

So when you're burned
frazed and sort of
At your wits' end
as often I'm
There's one sure thing
you'll not run short of
Right off just
reach for Instant Time

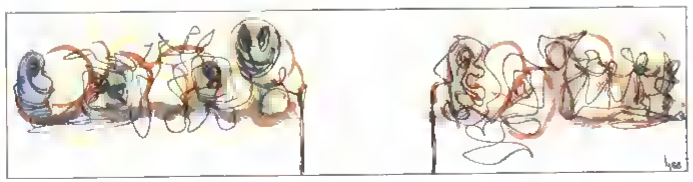
Add water in
a little room
And "Presto!"
earlier than soon
No longer need you fret
or hasten
For then it's always
afternoon!

P. J. BLACKWELL

PUNCH LINES BY HERBERT YATES



"YES OFFICER"



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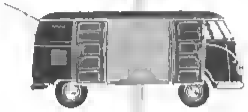

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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET **DAMN YANKEES** ★ Although it was hurried into the theatres to coincide with October's World Series, Irvin Hollywood's version of Broadway's baseball fantasy musical is a delightful show worth seeing at any season. Tab Hunter does surprisingly well as a Washington Senators fan who sells—or anyway leases—his soul to the devil and is transformed into a young home run king mighty enough to wrest the pennant from the hated New York Yankees. Gwen Verdon duplicates her stage success as Lola, a brilliant witch. Bright Ray Walston is immensely funny as Mr. Applegate, whose first name is Lucifer.

CARRY ON SERGEANT An army camp farce from Britain. It offers two to three genuinely satirical moments in the midst of a welter of tired music hall slapstick. Rating: Fair.

THE DECKS RAN RED Skipper James Mason runs into a mutinous blood bath on the high seas with Broderick Crawford as an arch villain in the crew and Dorothy Dandridge as a seasoned mainlite stewardess. Lots of action and suspense here, but much of the acting and dialogue is indefinitely overwrought.

THE HUNTERS As often happens in Hollywood's aviation thrillers, the entertainment aloft is considerably more interesting than the grounded private problems of the characters. Producer-director Dick Powell, however, makes the sky over Korea blaze with fury and the film as a whole is an item worth watching. With Robert Mitchum, Richard Egan, May Britt, Robert Wagner.

MAN OF THE WEST A big brutal western with epic pretensions starring Gary Cooper as that much too familiar stereotype, the reformed gunfighter who's trying to go straight. With Lee J. Cobb, Julie London, Arthur O'Connell. Rating: Fair.

WIND ACROSS THE EVERGLADES Canada's Christopher Plummer is smoldering horror and rock jawed in this lively but chaotic action drama. He's a deranged conservationist who invades the Florida swamps and turns to stop red bounded Bird Eyes from slaughtering the wild birds.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Andy Hardy Comes Home Domestic comedy. Fair.
Attack of the Puppet People Science fiction. Poor.
Attila Historical melodrama. Fair.
The Badlanders Western. Good.
The Big Country Western. Excellent.
The Bravados Western. Good.
Buchanan Rides Alone Western. Fair.
Cat on a Hot Tin Roof Sex drama. Good — but Taylorsque.
Cry Terror Suspense. Good.
The Defiant Ones Drama. Top.
Don Quixote Russian film. Turned Spanish novel. Good.
The Fearmakers Drama. Good.
The Fiend Who Walked the West Hunter western. Fair.
The Big Scrubbers [illegible]
Gigi Musical. Excellent.
God's Little Acre Crude drama of Deep South. Good.
High Cost of Living Turned. Good.
Indiscreet Romantic comedy. Excellent.
Intent to Kill Suspense. Good.
Kathy O' Morth Irish turned. Good.
The Key World War drama. Good.
A King in New York Charles Chaplin satire. Fair.
The Matchmaker Comedy. Fair.
Me and the Colonel Comedy. Good.
A Night to Remember True shipwreck drama. Good.
The Old Man and the Sea Action drama. Fair.
Once Upon a Horse Comedy. Fair.
Orders to Kill Drama. Excellent.
Paths of Glory Drama. Excellent.
Proud Rebel Frontier drama. Fair.
Queen of Outer Space Fantasy. Fair.
Raw Wind in Eden Drama. Poor.
The Quiet Debutante [illegible]
Rocket Ship Blast Comedy. Poor.
Romanoff and Juliet Comedy. Good.
The Silent Enemy War. Fair.
South Pacific Musical. Fair.
Stop Stock Drama. Fair.
A Tale of Two Cities Drama. [illegible]
Tarzan's Fight for Life Jungle romance. Fair.
10 North Frederick Drama. [illegible]
A Time to Love Wartime romance. Good.
Twilight for the Gods Drama. [illegible]
The Vikings Historical drama. Good.
Violent Playground Drama. Fair.
Voice in the Mirror Drama. Fair.
White Wilderness Nature film. Excellent.
The Whole Truth Mystery. [illegible]

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The holdup continued from page 25

"This is a holdup," he said. "Go ahead and hold up" my uncle invited. The gunman was baffled

same. Uncle Bunnah named it Shimshon which is Hebrew for Samson—out of respect for the labors the horse performed in pulling his frail wagon on the daily rounds to his customers. His legs jutted up into its back like four bed posts and the spring dropped away in a looping curve seemingly unequal to the job of supporting the sagging belly which very weight appeared to draw Shimshon's head and hind quarters together. Shimshon kept time of my uncle's customers on his own and in time got to know the clients in Toronto's Ward Four where they lived better than the sitting, nibbling.

With every clop the horse's head would go up and down mechanically and the Uncle Bunnah took at Shimshon's nodding approval of the comments he had driver from his perch atop the wagon. These would always begin as mild reproofs but some trivial misdemeanors committed by Shimshon but would quickly get broadened out to include the man whole. So if for example his horse failed to move promptly on a green light all of mankind would soon be admonished on the folly of holding up progress. The grave deliberate tone he delivered them pronouncements in my uncle mixed over into his conversations and often a lift people nodding and speechless much like Shimshon. But this weighty mannerism was by no means an affectation it was part and parcel of an oaken rigidity no amount of provocation was ever known to dislodge. Even at the bank when the gunman shoved him away from the wicket with rude violence my uncle simply righted himself and mean back in the lifting stage.

Young man get in back of the line Uncle Bunnah commanded.

But no one paid any attention to him least of all the fellow who had sent him flying. People froze in their places as the gunman fanned his arm from side to side to keep everybody in the bank within his range. Out of their corners he could barely control his actions and he waved the gun about in a movement that was very nearly frantic. His kept gulping as though his throat were parched.

"This is a holdup" he finally panted to the group.

"What's it which is it?" my uncle asked in the fastidious language he used when he wanted to infuriate someone. He looked at the petrified statues about him and was annoyed. It wasn't that he was being brave. Uncle Bunnah just couldn't imagine of the possibility of being killed by this fellow in a way yet. Bullets flew people got in the way and there were casualties. But that one man would shoot another down when they were close enough to talk it over? Impossible.

"Listen you" the disgruntled bandit grumbled he probably could this is a holdup.

"Go ahead and hold up" my uncle replied waiting invitingly at the bank teller.

At this the other became plainly baffled. He wasn't meeting any opposition and yet his robbery was indeed tably being hindered up. He set his jaw in a stubborn determination to maintain his integrity as a thief. Aiming the gun point blank at Uncle Bunnah he growled "See this?"

But my uncle ignored the question. Shaking his head sadly he commented a Biblical passage "Children I have brought up and they have rebelled against Me." He uttered the proclamation as if Jehovah had uttered it having a vision at just this very jubilary.

The momentary lapse of time coupled with the gunman's sinister display of indignation spurred the robber back to life. With a nod of his head Mr. Hall the bank manager sent an unspoken command to his messenger Gus Delany. Standing behind the counter Daley eyed the partly open door just in back of him and with a kind of wise look assured Mr. Hall that he knew exactly what had to be done. In a deliberate attempt to draw the gunman's attention the manager called out to my uncle "That's the way Mr. Bunnah. Go ahead and tell him."

"Shut up you" the holdup man shouted desperately at Mr. Hall. But the poor fellow had hopelessly lost control of the situation. The moment he turned to deal with the manager Delany dinked out unseen. The disposition running his was an signal in the growing complications he commission more frantic. Confusion blazed from his eyes as he turned back to my uncle. "You in waiting, my friend" he threatened. "Get out of my way. I you want to stay alive."

As he spoke he grabbed hold of Uncle Bunnah. He pushed him so hard that any uninitiated look off in a limp rag-doll fight and landed almost at the other end of the counter. I mean the money and nobody here's going stop me. The holdup man screamed. But his outcry was more an plea than a threat. It confirmed what had been suspicions from the moment he entered the bank here was no amateur bangin' wheel somehow from driven to a desperate at intensely distressing to him.

My uncle got in his feet immediately. He went over to the gunman and did nothing. Had happened. If you need a job young man he said dusting his coat all vigorously. I have a son in law a porter at Hook Market.

But before he could say any more he was interrupted by the first faint wail of sirens. Mr. Hall ran to the door blocking any means of escape. "All right let's be called out you've finished. The police are on their way now."

On hearing this the gunman turned to my uncle and all people. There was a look of absolutely fear in his eyes. A good deed beckoned and without a second thought Uncle Bunnah went into action. He took the desperado by the hand as one would a frightened little boy caught in a traffic jam and lead him over to the line of depositors. We have enough be two minutes maybe three minutes to let this boy" he intoned. "You Mr. Foster and you Mr. Kaplan please make room for him."

The obedience was startling. Not only did the two people heed this and move to his command but the entire line of immigrants waiting like well drilled football team in response to an quarterback pulled in extent the trampled gunman. Nodding the fellow in among the depositors my uncle took the revolver from him with one hand and with the

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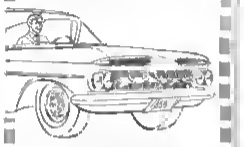

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other slipped him a folded piece of paper. "This is a gas bill," my uncle explained with a touch of erudition as the scholar might when handing a Dead Sea Scroll to another, "and rolled up inside in the bill is the money. There you look just the same like any other customer," he added reassuringly. "The police will not be able to tell the difference." Then realizing he had a revolver in his hand he eyed it uneasily as I never in his life had he expected to hold such a deadly weapon. He nes is the money and spends it on guns, he remarked romantically.

"I didn't buy it. I found it on the rifle range at Long Branch," the fellow explained. There in some groping attempt to explain to the others who'd accepted him into the fine up he started out beautifully. "I took it it wasn't for sink-ness."

But the screech of the siren was mounting every moment and my uncle would tolerate no further explaining. "Please please, you're wasting time, young man," he cautioned. "This is a bank which deals mostly in gas bills so everybody here understands—including Mr. Hall which is a fine man and which we can all depend on. More than a compliment this was a last-ditch warning a warning that Mr. Hall was now part and parcel of a sacred conspiracy and that if he betrayed one he betrayed all.

Forgetting, his managerial restraint Mr. Hall virtually pleaded with my uncle in the few moments that were left. "Ye gods, he's a crook! he yelled out passionately aggrieved. What do you expect me to do with a crook — treat him like a martyr?"

With the siren wailing dangerously close Uncle Bunish still managed to deliver a little sermon. For my information Mr. Hall it's a difficult one. And it happens sometimes in a depression an honest man can be forced to act like a crook. Since the vague outlines of the police inching toward the bank could now be discerned through the partly frosted windows he could do no more than nonplus with a relentless driving stare that was meant to burrow its way into Mr. Hall's conscience.

OUT on the street two policemen took up triangle positions as a distrait obviously thug lender and another man in uniform plunged into the bank guns drawn. But the sight of such an unredeemable holdup man as Uncle Bunish shrinked them momentarily. The detective a giant of a man took command of the situation while the policeman an individual almost as large as the plainclothesman himself turned back covering the doorway.

My uncle lured the police officer with the exaggerated affability of a host out to make the party a success. The revolver looked immense in his hand. Moreover it held it by the barrel instead of the handle. For from measuring the detective Uncle Bunish's unorthodox way with the weapon plainly unnerved him. Switching from a lumbering gait he began to walk haltingly toward my uncle with the gingerly step of a man picking his way through a mine field. Though he was a finitely shorter than the gigantic policeman Uncle Bunish did with his stern calmness manage to loom up as something of a figure as the detective advanced upon him.

The police officer was still a pace or two away from my uncle when he reached out and violently yanked the gun from his hand. "What's going on here?" he demanded.

Uncle Bunish decided to overlook the detective's offensive manner. What should be going on? he countered with a question of his own.

"I'll ask the questions around here," the detective growled rather murderously.

"After all, it's your right," Uncle Bunish conceded immediately straining to look up at the constable as one sometimes does, trying to tell the time on a fireball clock from a position almost directly beneath the tower.

"What's the idea coming in here with a dangerous weapon?"

"It's a present for Mr. Hall," Uncle Bunish explained matter-of-finally nodding to the bank manager. "So he shall be able to protect our savings a little better."

The detective drew his upper lip taut over his large tobacco-stained teeth and sucked in a massive quantity of air. "What's your name?"

Bunish Binnington.

"Where did you get this gun?"

I found it."

"Where?"

"In Long Branch by the rifle range," my uncle answered resulting to the best of his ability the words of the gangman he was protesting.

The inadvertent touch of poetry which had crept into my uncle's answer did

©MACLEAN'S

nothing to mellow the detective. "What were you doing, out in Long Branch?" he persisted in his ominous way.

"Being there are people in Long Branch and being the people in Long Branch like fun."

Answer my question!" the police official roared rapping what promised to be a kind of intimidating microphone on my uncle often ventured into when he felt that a query merited his weighty answer.

I am a fine peddler and.

"That's enough." the detective put in quickly like an appointed quiz master. "Anyone see you pick this weapon up?"

Well." Uncle Bunish hedged.

Well what? the detective stood in hopefully.

"You could say yes and you could say no," my uncle responded uneasily.

I asked the other demanding again meaning business, if anyone saw you pick this weapon up."

My uncle realized there was no putting off the air of the law. "Well I would say yes officer."

Who?"

Shmishou."

Who's that?" the police officer answered wildly making no attempt to repeat the weird name.

My horse." Uncle Bunish circumstantially convinced he had a bona fide witness after all.

The answer plainly went hard with the detective. But my uncle held his ground. After all, didn't the policeman with his relentless persistence bring this wild piece of intelligence down on his own head? The plainclothesman swallowed hard and his Adam's apple bobbed up and down like a yo-yo. For a moment it looked as if he might level both guns at Uncle Bunish and do away with him right then and there. But he righted himself. The overhowing crowded and he walked quietly away.

MY uncle vanished with almost nonchalance as he crossed over to Mr. Hall. Maybe it was the feeling he had in his weapon was with him that gave Uncle Bunish all that stolid courage. Indeed the only one he wasn't quite sure of was Gus Daley who'd slipped away without the benefit of my uncle's indoctrination so to speak. The customers had shown him where they stood by the readiness with which they opened their line to his protégé. As for the staff the five workers behind the counter would my uncle figured undoubtedly take their cue from Mr. Hall. And in the manager Uncle Bunish had great faith.

True he was the one who ordered Daley to send out the alarm. However that was an understandable if unfortunate mistake. But everyone in the neighborhood knew the kind of person Mutual's branch manager actually was. Didn't he, like Mr. Tolkin the travel agent across the street always have his hands full explaining reassuring and generally unwinding the intricacies the newcomers were famous getting themselves tossed up in when they went forth to hope with Canada as they called the bewildering newness that surrounded their immigrant neighborhood? To be sure there were times when Mr. Hall alarmed by these wide deviations from what he considered standard support between manager and depositor would deliberately assume the role of the clear headed distant bank official with the magnetic smile who looked on people as accounts. But what of it? Wasn't Mr. Hall human my uncle would demand learn the people who were baffled by these lapses of aloofness? Wasn't he entitled to enjoy a little play acting?

The detective came to a halt midway between my uncle and Mr. Hall. Are you the manager of this branch?" he called out to Mr. Hall.

Yes the manager replied unhappily.

"Do you know this man?" the detective asked pointing to Uncle Bunish but careful not to turn in his direction.

Yes.

How long have you known him?

About eight years."

And was it you who sent out the alarm?

Yes through one of my men.

You've known this man for eight years and yet you sent for the police?" the detective pushed on. Has he tried anything like this in the time you've known him?

No."

Does he look like the type and size of a man that's likely to go robbing a bank?

Well.

Well what?"

You saw him holding a gun when you came in officer. Mr. Hall ventured ambiguously.

The wrong way the detective reminded him in the dark condescending tone of a police official addressing a dangerous public nuisance. Then he waited patiently for the manager to speak up but Mr. Hall maintained a wretched silence. Looking past the plainclothesman he directed the same wordless cry for help in my uncle's direction the gangman had sent out a little while earlier. Mr. Hall was the image of a timid man standing on

Paul B. (right, with cigarette and glass of light tasting O'Keefe Ale) likes to stop after work for a relaxing break with friend Bill S. (left whose arm is about to raise a glass of hearty O'Keefe Old Stock to wet his parched throat). With O'Keefe, they—and you—have a flavour choice.

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the debut of his career and he seemed to convey that he'd gone as far along with my uncle's ballooning fib as his own heated frenzies could carry him. Just then Gus Daley came back into the bank, diverting the detective's attention from Mr. Hall. A look of utter astonishment mushroomed all over Daley's face when he saw the gunman standing for all the world like another customer in the line-up. Worried that out of sheer amazement Daley might blurt out something fatal, Uncle Beinish immediately took evasive action.

"Officer, here we have the man," he said pityingly, pointing to Daley, "who pushed the button and started the whole business for nothing." Then turning to the messenger he chided him gently. "Be have fun. Gus, for a holdup ask him, you didn't need to bother the police."

Daley searched Mr. Hall's eyes frantically for some explanation.

But the bank manager evaded him. "Mr. Blumgarten has a point, Gus," he mumbled in the blightest manner of someone wishing ardently he were dead.

Mr. Hall's enigmatic reply was kindly enlightening but with the intuitiveness of the ideal subordinate the messenger evidently realized that his superior had miscalculated somehow and was now asking him to go along with my uncle. This he did at once. "Sorry," he apologized to Uncle Beinish without having the slightest notion for what.

THE detective pushed his fedora back on his forehead. He gave the appearance of a harassed zoo keeper trying to count a newly arrived cageful of scurrying, evasive little animals. For the first time he glanced back at the uniformed man. The sight of his comrade standing rocklike in front of the door seemed to give him comfort and he stared at him for a long time. Then very suddenly, perhaps as a tactic to throw the entire group off balance, he whipped about and made straight for the teller. "What do you know about this?" he asked him abruptly.

At first the teller was just as startled by the detective as he'd been by the gunman. "Well ... officer ... I was entering a deposit," he started out falteringly but regained his presence of mind soon enough and continued in a rather nonnonsensical way. "And when I looked up there was Mr. Blumgarten. Next thing I know a siren is screaming and you and the other officer are running into the bank."

"How do you know his name is Blumgarten?"

"He's been coming in here for years, sir," the teller answered brightly.

His dramatic stunt having gotten him nowhere the detective moved away from the teller a little the fiercer if anything. Slowly, almost scornfully, he began to eye the line of depositors, his gaze bouncing from individual to individual in the tantalizing manner of a ball making the dying round in a roulette wheel. The ex-gunman in his anxiety to appear no more concerned than the others assumed a neutral pose, his face immured in a feeble smile. Into this position he froze like a rabbit caught in the beam of a headlight. The others, hardly less frightened than the wanted man himself, also turned into so many rigid forms, so that the entire line assumed the appearance of a peculiar assortment of waxworks. A strange silence came over the bank.

For his part the detective gave every indication of relishing the shudder of fear he'd sent through the entire bank. He sustained the tension with his endless scrutiny of the customers. Then after what seemed like an eternity he finally spoke up. "You there, what do you know about this?" he asked, pointing directly to the woman at the very end of the line.

On second, herself picked out, two tiny beads of terror lit up in her deep-set eyes. She was a handsome young woman with an olive-tinted skin and her hair were [?] down with two thick, pearly hair rings that looked like hearing aids. At first she seemed too frightened to speak but after a supreme effort she managed [?] "Eh pikes I no speak."

Shrugging, the woman with an impatient wave of his hand the police officer began to examine the depositors once again. Only this time he walked up and down the line, stopping before each individual with the contempt of a highly displeased sergeant major. All the time my uncle kept a close watch on the detective. When the inevitable happened and the officer stopped in front of the gunman, Uncle Beinish remained calm. He allowed the fellow in the line to endure the searching scrutiny of the law for a decent interval so as not to arouse any suspicion. Then he moved to the rescue.

"If you would like to talk this over, officer," he offered genially, "we could settle it in a minute. It is as plain and simple as one and two."

The detective's cheeks turned the color of volcanic ash. For a moment he kept right on staring at the waxing desperado as though he hadn't heard my uncle at all. Then he turned suddenly about in that dramatic way of his that was now old hat. He approached Uncle Beinish in a wide circling movement like some enormous bird that couldn't quite make up its mind what to do with its prey. "So you wanna talk this over?" he asked in a strangely indecisive way.

"Pikant," my uncle replied urgently. "Okay, let's go," the detective blurted out woodenly.

"Where?" Uncle Beinish asked.

To his surprise the [?] youngest policeman, more in the nature of a threat than a [?]. He joined the other policeman and faced the doorway, beckoned to my uncle with one of the revolvers he held in either hand.

Though triumph was in sight Uncle Beinish remained unperturbed. For one thing it wouldn't look right he figured to go rushing off willingly to the police station. For another he was concerned about the horse and wagon he'd left standing out in the street. He took several steps toward the door as token evidence that he didn't shrink from the detective's invitation but then he stopped.

"What about Shimshon?" my uncle asked the plainclothesman, dropping the name matter-of-factly as one does when speaking to another man about a mutual acquaintance. "What about my wagon?"

The poor manager who had visibly brightened at the prospect of Uncle Beinish and the police clearing out, sort of caved in at this new development. He locked his hands in a clasp so tight that the blood was driven from his fingers and he assumed a tense erect position that gave him the strange appearance of being suspended in mid-air. My uncle made a careful study of Mr. Hall and of the others who for that matter were responding in pretty much the same way to this delaying tactic. He took their reaction as a lack of faith in his sense of timing and he was a bit disappointed. Hadn't he steered them masterfully through this obstacle course he'd taken them over? No, he wouldn't be pushed into rushing things now and perhaps betray with one false move his charge in the line-up. Facing the detective resolutely he awaited an answer.

Trivial as my uncle's intransigence was the police officer seemed to welcome some semblance of opposition he could come to grips with. "I don't want any trouble with you. Now you get going," he snarled, refusing to be drawn into any kind of discussion on the horse-and-buggy question.

As usual to fortify his position in such situations my uncle started to cite a Biblical passage. "It says in the Bible that you have to treat a dumb animal just like ..."

"I don't care what the Bible says," the detective exclaimed outrageously and then immediately checked himself, obviously horrified at the statement he had permitted to pass his lips. This inadvertent bit of blasphemy only added to the police man's anger and Uncle Beinish decided he'd better not overplay his hand. He contented himself with a little shrug of the shoulders that conveyed, I was sensible to struggle any longer. "If you don't care, all right."

The unfinished sentence left no doubt that from here on whatever sins were committed against the animal person of Shimshon would firmly fall on the detective's head. As he approached the two policemen he turned to look at everyone in the bank separately, ignoring only the fellow he had saved from the clutches of the police. It was the laudatory look of an inspired actor-director who'd driven his cast through a play that'd left them exhausted and confounded. It was moreover a look that told them they had given a smiling account of themselves. Then throwing his head back in the manner of the maestro who was about to take over the final scene himself, he stepped directly between the two constables and disappeared as though he'd walked into a canyon.

INSIDE the cruiser the minions of the law sitting up front remained erect, looking straight ahead without once casting a backward glance in my uncle's direction. The air was heavy with the regretting that they took no pride in their catch.

For his part Uncle Beinish, sitting in the back with the detective, made, in spite of his sober nature, a gallant attempt to be sociable. This only helped to dismay the policemen who were quite lost with the bubbling respectability of their captive.

The static scowl that had taken possession of the plainclothesman's face hardened into a papier-mâché-like mask. Every now and then when he thought Uncle Beinish wasn't noticing he'd catch a stealthy glimpse of the apparition he'd apprehended. The detective had the distracted, deeply troubled look of a man who couldn't free himself of the responsibility for the confusion which was about to descend on the Trinity Street police station. At one point the police officer turned and glanced momentarily out the back window. Then, jerking his head violently forward again, he ordered the driver in front to step on it as if he'd caught sight of something he could not endure. And maybe he couldn't at that. For a few hundred feet behind the cruiser my uncle's concave horse was in full view. Atop the wagon one of the uniformed policemen sat like a trussed-up martyr, giving the odd, almost imperceptible tug at the reins only when absolutely necessary. Otherwise Shimshon followed Uncle Beinish to the police station without misadventure at a clattering, intimately trot. ★

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THE ENTERPRISE OF MOST VALUE TO CANADIANS

Courtroom secrets of a master lawyer continued from page 32

Cohen's defense of a three-card monte gambler led to a new law

home. In six 1 1 360 000 words of testimony and five hour address by Cohen. He is probably the only lawyer who has publicly admitted wrong a murder case. He defended Frank Battaglia who was strangled to death the day after his wife filed. Police called it a gangland reprisal. I did not good a job for Battaglia — says Cohen. If I had settled for a manslaughter plea he might be alive in jail now.

Cohen's chief stock in trade, an encyclopedic knowledge of law has been acknowledged by the parliament of Canada. On at least two occasions Cohen has caused laws to be revised in the House by finding — and using — large holes in the criminal code.

Many a young lawyer for instance has puzzled over the apparent flaw in the code. Section 179 lumps all gambling in "any scheme or plan for disposing of property by lots, cards, tickets or any mode of chance" — then devotes three subsections plus a paragraph to one of the lively obscure games, three card monte.

Veteran lawyers who remember how that old carnival game came to be given special legislative attention call it "Cohen's amendment".

It resulted from Cohen's defense of a man charged with operating three card monte a game in which the dealer rapidly manipulated three cards while his victim tries to keep track of a chosen card. Cohen maintained it was a contest between speed of hand and sharpness of eye and therefore a test of skill. He offered to have his client play a few hands with the judge. After a dozen games, the judge announced he had won night.

It was a score that mystified the gambling squad officers who had seldom seen a professional monte dealer lose. But the judge ruled: "This seems in fact to be a game of skill—charge dismissed."

The glad news sped through Montreal's gambling fraternity. Soon monte players mushroomed in vacant stores and back rooms all midtown St. Lawrence Avenue. The crown hastily appealed but the appellate court held that the magistrate's personal ancestors with three card monte appeared to justify his decision.

For weeks the legal gambling rooms flourished in full view of frustrated patrolmen. The gamblers held sway until only when the parliament of Canada at the first opportunity in its next session took time out to pass a special law against the game.

Another Cohen amendment arose from his defense of a man who walked into a Montreal jewelry store before closing time, hid in a washroom until the staff locked up and departed then robbed the store and broke out. He was charged with breaking and entering, the only offense of that kind then covered by the criminal code.

Cohen argued that his client certainly was not guilty of breaking and entering. The judge had to agree. He ruled the prisoner was acquitted. Other lawyers began using Cohen's argument in similar cases and before long parliament inserted paragraph C in section 292 of the Code making breaking out as serious an offense as breaking in.

Cohen, a mild mannered dinky man who looks fifteen years younger than his sixty seven years, seldom rises his voice in court above a conversational tone and men who have watched him in action for years say they have never seen him flustered or perturbed.

But a challenge maintains their admiration. When a man plays his liberty perhaps his life, to a lawyer's hand, it is not merely the lawyer's right but his sacred duty to give his client the benefit of all legal technicalities. The trial of a case are only half the race. The other half is the lawyer's relationship to those facts including the crown's obligation to comply with all the law's requirements.

Recently Cohen defended a Montreal lawyer charged in connection with allegedly illegal bribery and procedure. Cohen noted that his indictment was drawn up in the wording of the old criminal code which was slightly different from the revised criminal code of 1953. On the ground the judge dismissed the charge *sans jeffecte*—"without congratulation" to the accused. To Cohen this was as satisfactory as if he had won the case by persuasive oratory.

Cohen's word by-word familiarity with the under 125 000 words sometimes causes judges to call him for off the record opinions on knotty cases. "I feel honored," Cohen admits, "except when they get so immersed that they lose track of time and get me out of bed at two in the morning." He also imparts his wisdom at the other end of the legal scale as a lecturer on criminal law's complexities at McGill University.

Cohen served three terms in the Quebec legislature and found the experience exhilarating, but expensive. His practice dwindled without his personal attention and in 1936 he had to start practically from scratch once more.

Paradoxically Cohen owes his prudition in law to an almost total lack of early success. In 1909 aged eighteen he entered McGill's law school. His graduating at near the top of his class and in 1911 opened a cupboard-sized office—but no clients showed up. To fill the unproductive days Cohen applied to the dean of Laval University's law school there in Montreal for permission to sit in on French law lectures.

It was an unusual request but the Laval professors were so impressed with the young lawyer's ambition to practice law in French that it was granted. Cohen trotted to the earliest and latest lecture of each day and between times sat in his office reading law and waiting for his first client.

She came at last a woman Cohen remembers after nearly fifty years because she is still his client—the only one, in fact, for whom he practiced civil law. She had "some sort of landlady trouble" and Cohen won her case for her. Now in her late eighties she shows up every year or two with a claim against someone for three or four dollars. Cohen solemnly devotes about a hundred dollars worth of his time to hearing her complaint, and invariably she receives a cheque in settlement. She never knows that it comes from Cohen's own substantial bank account, to which she made the first small contribution in 1911.

Cohen's unofficial attendance at Laval was to make him one of the few fluently bilingual English speaking lawyers in Montreal but showed no immediate results. He canvassed his informal study of law during long gaps between cases by becoming a daily spectator in the court of Kings bench criminal assizes, an exalted tribunal in which he had not yet appeared as counsel.

The clerk of the court, A. E. Corriveau noticed Cohen's regular attendance. The elderly clerk and the young lawyer discovered an unusual mutual interest. Corriveau's hobby was Hebrew literature and Cohen, a rabbi's son had been an accomplished Talmudic scholar by the time he was seventeen. During recesses in the massive gloomy courthouse at 100 Notre Dame East the two men learnedly discussed the ancient wisdom of the patriarchs.

One day an Italian immigrant was arraigned on a charge of murder. He had arrived home unexpectedly and found his wife in the embrace of a lodger. He had shot the man.

Cohen settled back in his seat, interested in seeing how the man's lawyer would struggle with this open-and-shut case. But the prisoner had no lawyer. Cohen saw Corriveau whisper to the judge then heard chilling words:

"This court assigns to you defense Mr. Joseph Cohen."

Cohen told Corriveau weakly: "I've never handled a criminal case before much less murder. I just wouldn't ..."

"I got you this chance and you're going to take it," Corriveau insisted and gave Cohen a hasty course in murder trial procedure. Cohen can still remember his exhaustion nervousness in his first big case. "I had a severe attack of buttonitis in the stomach," he recalls. "And it still happens at the opening of every new case. I guess I'm the only man afflicted with fifty year old butterflies."

Cohen put up a defense that was as impassioned as it was inexperienced, winning "the first and last time I ever pleaded the non-existent insanity law."

His client was sentenced to death. But Cohen maintains that the very magnitude of his defense saved the man's life. "The minister of justice took pity on him because his lawyer was so green and committed his sentence to life."

Cohen, as the court appointee, received no fee for the case. But it led to two important decisions: to concentrate on criminal cases, and to get married to the brash assumption that he could now start earning a living. His bride was Ada Bella Gross, sister of another young lawyer, Myer Gross.

"I knew I hired never be as much money to minimal law as criminal cases," he says. "But I never could work up much enthusiasm for arguing whether A owed B a hundred dollars." A man's liberty or life — that seemed the only challenge worth fighting for. Cohen has expanded this philosophy to the point where newspapers he will not accept cases to which the accused decides to plead guilty and wants a lawyer merely to ask for leniency.

Continued on page 51

Engineers and technicians complete a great construction project — a seaway and a power source that changes the commerce of a continent.

Perhaps that is why you'll often find Haig & Haig in the picture with men who can't be vague. In ordering Scotch Whisky they naturally name the brand they know through experience to have singular virtues — the *original* Scotch distinctive and gentleness first in 1627 set the standard for all to follow.

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Scotland's FIVE STAR Scotch Whisky

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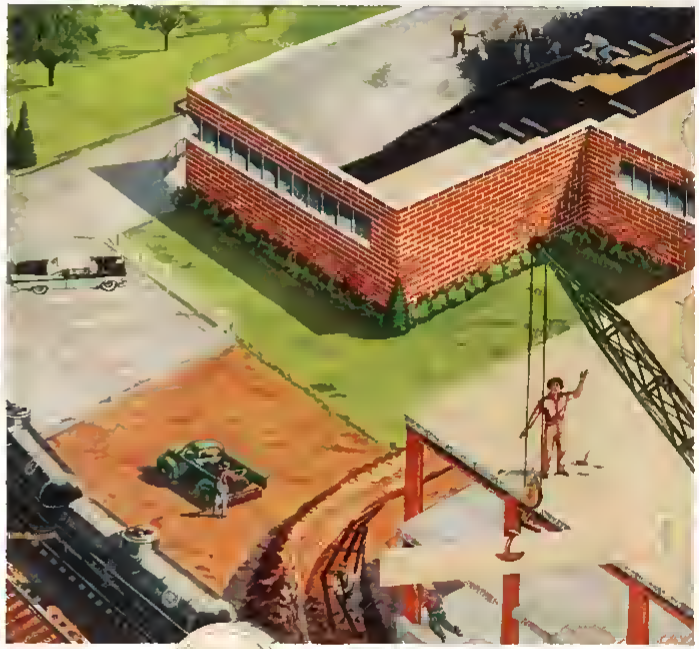

From DTC the Right Product — at the Right Time

Wherever there is building going on, there you will likely see many different products from Dominion Tar & Chemical subsidiaries working together. In the construction scene above SIPOREX precast cellular concrete slabs combine with brick and built-up roofing in a modern industrial building. Also from DTC subsidiaries NO-CO-RODE underground conduit pipe plays a part while tank cars containing DTC bulk chemicals are also part of the industrial scene. ANSWERING THE CHALLENGE of supplying the right product at the right time is typical of DTC and its operating subsidiaries. These subsidiaries are continually solving problems — supplying new answers, new products for home, farm and industry. The result? A widely diversified list of products that benefits everyone — customers, shareholders and employees.

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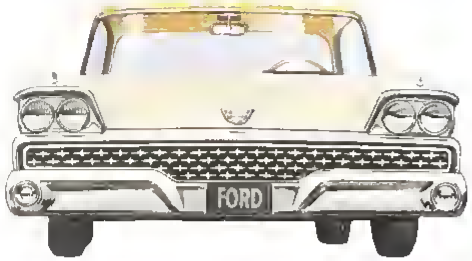
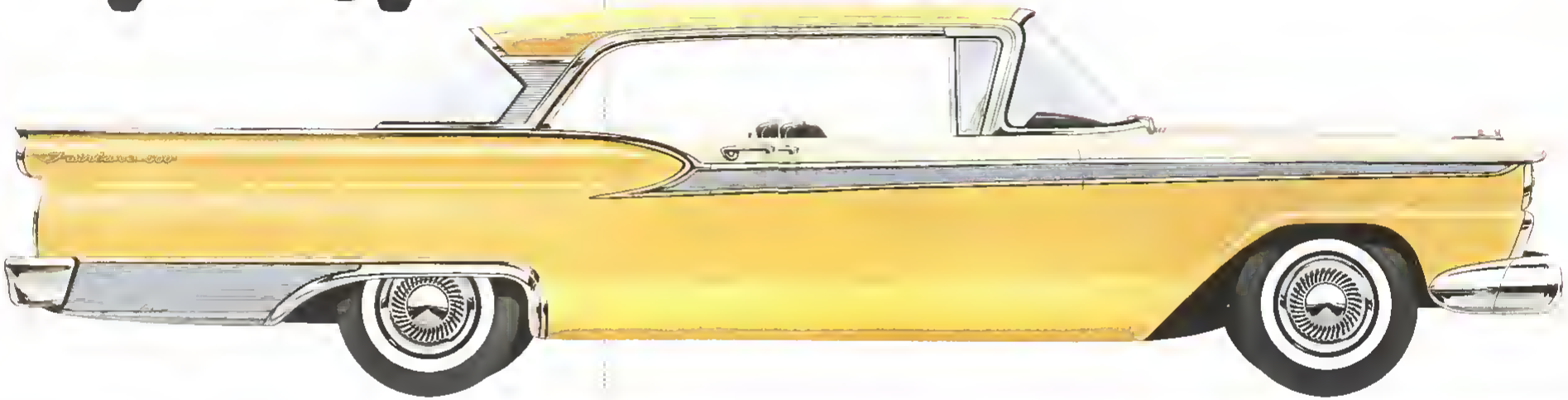


1959 FORD



In every way so beautifully right

This is the car that makes such beautiful sense for 1959—because it is designed to meet every kind of driving need today. And it does *Beautifully*.

The new Ford has a clean, crisp look. It's a *big* car. But there isn't an ounce of fat on it! It fits neatly between two parking meters. Yet there's room enough inside for the whole family to travel clear across Canada with all the ease and comfort that only a big car can give you.

You'll notice too, the fine quality of the finish both inside and outside. There's a good reason for that. Ford pays close attention to every last detail during the assembly of every car.

Power? Ford's come up with just the right mixture of pep and economy. Cost? Take the handsome new Custom 300, for example. Equipped with Ford's advanced 6 cylinder engine, (the most powerful modern Six in Canada) it costs less to buy and run than any car in Ford's class.

There's real *extra value* built right into these Fords and the new models are now ready and waiting for you to take a *discovery drive* at your Ford dealer's. You'll discover that the new Ford is beautifully right for you . . . in every way!

For more detailed information on the new FORDS—see the following page

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE NOVEMBER 8 1958

NOW—LET'S GET RIGHT DOWN TO FACTS ABOUT THE NEW FORD

[illegible] your Ford Dealer will give you the details. Be sure to ask him for your free copy of the new Ford catalogue—it covers just about everything from bumper to bumper.

Styling There's been a big improvement change in design this year. New buildings, from to and home-hold appliances, are being designed to give you the [illegible] with the closest coupled lines ever. There is [illegible] upon. And that just may be the one Ford new reason. For example, the new tail lights are strikingly beautiful and *functional*. They're designed for maximum visibility. Now—take a look at the hood ornament check. No nonsense here. Clean and crisp. And put to use and—not an inch of waste. Put on it. Result: this is the sort of car you want to be in and be seen in!

Models In the 3 series—Custom 300, Fairlane and Fairlane 500—there are 5 sedans and 2 hardtops. Six Station Wagons seating up to 9 passengers and the Sunliner convertible and Skyliner retractable hardtop. And don't forget—the 4-passenger Thunderbird in 2 models!

Engines You can choose the *right* power to match the kind of driving you do most. Here's your choice: the Mileage Maker Six or two Thunderbird V-8s.

Ford's Mileage Maker Six is the most modern in its field. Its exclusive Short-Stroke design means that the pistons travel a shorter distance up and down. There's less friction between the pistons and the cylinder walls. Less wear. More power delivered to the rear wheels.

The two V-8s—rated at 225 and 303 horsepower—give you the greatest wheel turning power at natural driving speeds without racing the engine. Both have Ford's new Experimental Turbo Matic Drive (see illustration at right) which means top engine performance—smooth and thrifty.

[illegible] Ford's new flat-top roof line adds a distinctive styling touch and also provides extra head room for passengers in the rear seat and greater visibility for the driver.

New foot operated parking brake releases by lever to lock the brake right in solid holding. Release is equally easy with a small finger tip release mounted to the left of the steering wheel on the instrument panel.

From [illegible] Wide [illegible] Look for the [illegible] Ford's [illegible] Thrifty [illegible] *is hard* not around the passenger [illegible] the protection of the [illegible] frame rails. You ride in solid armoured [illegible] shell—that makes road dust [illegible].

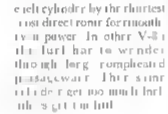
Body Ford bodies are built from steel of the same quality and thickness as that used in many of Canada's most expensive cars. The body is *interlocked* at all the major points of strain for maximum strength, silence and resistance to flexing. And so other sealing and insulation against heat, cold and sound is the most complete of any car in Ford's price range.

Suspension Here's something you probably didn't know. The front springs in these Fords are tailored to match the weight of the engine you choose. This gives you the finest ride control ever.

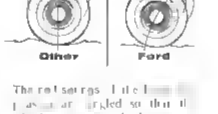
And Ford's ride suspension is equally ingenious. The leaf springs of the rear suspension are fastened to the end of the frame with trunnion shackles. This gives you the same comfortable ride whether you're driving alone or with the whole family aboard.

All this lives just to Ford and [illegible] the fun. Take the driver's chair and [illegible] today.

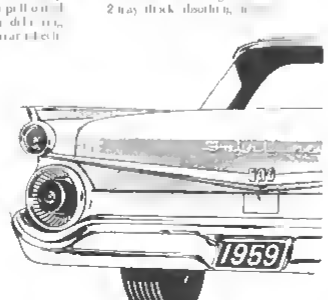
The arrows show how the Expressway Intake Manifold on all Ford V-8s delivers fuel from the carburetor to each cylinder by the shortest most direct route for smooth even power. In other V-8s it's a hard hat to wonder through long, complicated passageways. This same [illegible] makes [illegible] no much fuel [illegible] to get to fuel.



Straddle mounted pinion rate power of a quarter inch [illegible] Ford shows [illegible] only [illegible] expensive European [illegible]. The [illegible] typical of [illegible] quality [illegible] great [illegible] Ford [illegible] no rear [illegible] you. Now [illegible] difficulties. Helps you pull out of [illegible] and [illegible] rear power to both rear wheels.



The rear springs [illegible] [illegible] feels [illegible] both [illegible] shock of bumps [illegible] deflected—[illegible] hardly [illegible] three times. No other [illegible] Ford's field gives [illegible] 2-way shock absorbing [illegible].



In every way so beautifully right

1959 FORD

[illegible] reason his father wanted him to return to profession. But the roots of Rabbi Cohen's ambition lay in his own birth. In the small town of Russia, Lithuania, which had been under Czarist rule for a century, when Joseph was born in 1891, professions were open to Jews. At his son's birth Rabbi Cohen decided to move to Canada for security of wider opportunity for his son. Two years later he was able to send his wife and child.

When Joseph was eight the Cohens entered Iron Kingston, Ont., in Montreal where his sister Jennie was born. The family were in moderate circumstances but the house was an intellectual centre of Montreal's Irish community, and the leaders gathered there for good conversation. Joseph listened eagerly.

To this day he lists good conversation as his hobby. On his own weekly "night out" he foregoes theatre with a group of friends for a talkfest that includes any topic except law. On each occasion he is apt to exceed his self imposed daily limit of ten cigars.

A phenomenal memory is an asset to Cohen not only in his law practice but in collecting information. His father's decision. His father's time, the time he went to New York, registered as Joseph Cohen, KC, and was quoted in a newspaper story as an example of Canada's religious tolerance — where a man named Joseph Cohen can be a Knight of Columbus."

But his memory has a blind spot. Mrs. Cohen refers to her husband wants to telephone one of their four children, he offers calls her to get the number—then looking up a number to call her."

Cohen's battle with arithmetic started when in his teens he entered upon a career by becoming an itinerant book-keeper for small businesses. "The books never balanced and I often wondered how my customers stayed out of bankruptcy," he says.

Brevity the hard way

When he [illegible] lawyer Cohen thought he was rid of the irritations of accountancy. But transferring bankruptcy cases started to [illegible] he had public to take up on the subject.

One in a complex bankruptcy that contained every figures than words, he the evidence, Judge Victor Cusson said to him: "Cohen, where this case started? I thought Only God knew what this is all about." When the crowd finished he gave I thought I knew something about it too. Now that you have cross-examined again only God knows."

Cohen has the reputation of being the hardest cross-examiner in Quebec criminal courts. He learned the value of brevity the hard way. In an early case he asked a witness a question and got the answer he hoped for. In progress the judge he repeated the question. This time the witness hedged. "I don't remember," she said.

After Cohen lost the case and was accusing her "bad luck" an old French criminal lawyer gave him a piece of advice: "Cohen, you may be a good lawyer some day if you learn to divide the sound of your new voice. I have seen young lawyers — and experienced ones too — win cases and proceed to lose them by continuing their questions. When you get the answer you want, ask another question, make it how many children has the old lady grandmother?"

Nevertheless Cohen holds the record for protracted and irrelevant cross-examination. A Montreal welfare agency asked him to take over the defense of John Scherbanovich, charged with fatally stabbing [illegible] who represented Scherbanovich's [illegible] preliminary hearing had withdrawn from the case. Cohen read the evidence on which the man had been committed for trial and felt no great hope. The madam and four girls of a house of prostitution had witnessed the killing and positively identified Scherbanovich as the murderer. They knew him, they said, because he was a frequent visitor to the house.

Scherbanovich appeared dazed and frightened. Walter Immigrant could only repeat "I was in Saskatoon at the time." He said his previous lawyer had not believed his alibi and had not checked it. Cohen was skeptical too but the trial opened next day so he sent migrant wires to the mining camp where Scherbanovich said he had been working on the day of the murder to Saskatoon police chief with whom he claimed to have been registered as a rooming house resident in the shopkeeper he said had cashed his pay cheque the day after the murder.

When the trial opened Cohen asked for an adjournment. The judge, Sir Horace Archambault, said that unless Cohen had a valid reason for the request the trial must proceed. Cohen had a valid reason still right but could not give it. He chose rather than fail through after being reversed in court he would be left without a defense.

So Cohen played for time by conducting the witness's cross-examination very slowly. A Montreal court. He led the examining doctor through the whole medical history of death by violence from the women witnesses he drew a detailed description of their profession, he reported questions over and over, he pursued trivialities until the crown counsel, Joseph Walsh, whispered to him: "Cohen, what's wrong with you?" Ever never see you cross-examine like this." Cohen shrugged and continued.

After two days of what Cohen called a lesson in how not to cross-examine, the triplets came from Saskatoon. Scherbanovich had indeed been three times the time of the murder. He was granted a new trial, witnesses came from Saskatoon and he was quickly freed.

Cohen calls the Scherbanovich case as one of the only two lectures in the hundreds of cases he has handled that came close to being a miscarriage of justice against an innocent man. On the other hand he has got off many men he thought were guilty.

But their healthy attention for natural law reference" he maintains. He too had a guilty man goes free—but better that a hundred escape than a single innocent man be convicted.

The other three miscarriages in Cohen's experience involved a friend charged with the holdup of a short company payroll. An important piece of evidence was a handkerchief initialed "S." Invited in the scene. The trial of the accused began with S. Cohen called half a dozen relatives to testify that his client had been ill in bed on the day of the holdup. But he was found guilty and sentenced to ten years of forfeiture lashes.

Cohen appealed. While the appeal was pending the friend Berk of Hochelaga holdup took place. A bank employee and a handy man killed and six others escaped with $142,000. Three accused were eventually captured. One man Cyril Nunn, named Kings Evidence. Cohen represented the defense of John Scherbanovich charged with fatally stab-

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U.S. been captured and extradited.

In his confession Nicti revealed that the short company holdup was the work of the gang which did not include Cohen's original client. The "S" handkerchief belonged to Joseph Serafini who was hanged. The man Cohen had defended was released.

The case proved the fallacy of the "innocent face," says Cohen. "The innocent man was a tough looking customer. Serafini looked like a choir boy."

After he got his own client, Parillo off with a life sentence, Cohen was retained to conduct the appeal for the four men sentenced to hang. When the appeal failed he undertook the grim duty of telling them they must die. Three of the men broke down, but the fourth, wearing gym shoes, sweat shirt and slacks, calmly started to do Swedish drill. He was Louis Morel, who had been a champion police athlete before he turned to crime. "If I have to meet my Maker," he told Cohen, "I want to be in good condition."

Cohen can be solemn when the occasion demands, but often he enlivens court proceedings with humor. One judge, who has heard many of Cohen's cases commented: "Sometimes he finds himself with no defense, but he makes up for it by humor, and he uses it effectively."

Cohen says: "A quip can bring the atmosphere of a courtroom back to normal. The atmosphere of a criminal case, with damning evidence piling up, can build up an unbearable tension on the jury and everyone else in court."

On one occasion Cohen and his brother-in-law, Myer Gross, were on opposite sides of a case. Cohen was cross-examining Gross's client when Gross, a man of fiery temperament, leaped to his feet and berated Cohen's questioning as unfair, irrelevant and improper. In the tense silence that followed, the judge asked:

"Mr. Cohen, what are you going to do about this?"

Cohen answered blandly: "I'm going to go home and tell his sister on him." Everyone laughed and the case proceeded amicably.

Cohen is known as "a master of adjournments." Yet on one occasion, wanting still another postponement in a case he was defending, he appeared in court with a bandaged arm in a sling. He was suffering from severe blood poisoning, he told the judge truthfully, had not slept the night before and must see his doctor.

The judge ruled he would need a better excuse. "Certainly your honor," said Cohen. "How do you expect a Jewish lawyer to plead with one arm?" He got the adjournment.

Cohen once defended a pickpocket before a judge whom he knew particularly despised that crime. Cohen thought he had a good case and put up a stout defense, but the judge was adamant for conviction.

"Why?" Cohen asked finally.

"I don't like his face," answered the judge dispiritedly.

"Your honor," said Cohen, "may I assure you that at this moment my client doesn't like yours either." The judge smiled and dismissed the charge.

That case brought Cohen a stream of pickpocket clients. One day a crown attorney had his forty dollar watch stolen and Cohen let it be known in pocket picking circles that he thoroughly disapproved. Next day the watch was mysteriously returned.

Cohen admits that courtroom humor has not always been on his side. An example was the piracy case in which he represented the complainant, the owner of a rum-running boat during prohibition. His contention was that the captain of the boat was in league with American bootleggers who tied up the owner's representative at an offshore rendezvous and hijacked a large cargo of whisky. The owner retained Cohen to prosecute a charge of piracy.

"But the jury wouldn't take it seriously," Cohen recalls. "They didn't feel a rum-runner could be the innocent victim of piracy, and they laughed the case out of court."

Cohen has been retained by large corporations, including Bell Telephone and the CNR, to represent them in prosecutions. He admits he finds the role more difficult than defending. "I keep finding holes in my cases that I could attack if I were for the defense," he says.

After forty-seven years of practice Cohen can predict the outcome of a given case with fair accuracy. When the jury retired in the Fred Rose spy trial, a colleague asked Cohen how long he thought it would be out.

"How long does it take twelve men to use the washroom?" Cohen answered facetiously. The jury was back in thirty-four minutes with a verdict of guilty.

During the Rose trial, though, Cohen had put up a defense that very nearly succeeded—and might have, resulted in the crown's failure in the other cases of this dramatic series of trials. Cohen dug up a three-hundred-year-old law from the reign of Queen Anne. This law passed after the theft of incriminating papers from the Spanish embassy had nearly led to war between the two nations, provided that documents of a foreign embassy remained the property of the embassy even if they fell into the hands of British authorities. The trial judge and later the appeal court admitted Cohen had a strong point—but for one weakness: the Soviet embassy refused to admit that it owned or knew anything about the damaging papers Igor Gouzenko had stuffed into his shirt and taken from the embassy.

"I never had any contact with the Russians, of course," Cohen said recently. "But I learned in a roundabout way that they knew all about this law and knew they could have saved all the people charged. They preferred to maintain their attitude of 'We don't know nothing.'"

After the Rose trial Cohen visited the United States and found that American lawyers were astonished that he had not been ostracized for defending a convicted conspirator. "And they found it hard to believe that soon after the trial McGill asked me to become a part-time professor," he recalls. "It made me proud to be a Canadian."

The most unusual prediction of the outcome of a case defended by Cohen came from the outer world. He represented a man charged with obtaining twenty-five hundred dollars by false pretenses. The day before the verdict was to be handed down his client visited him and shook hands warmly.

"Congratulations," he said. "We've won the case."

Cohen reminded him that the verdict would not be announced for several hours and he had grave doubts what it would be.

"Oh, we've won all right," the man assured him. He explained that he was a spiritualist and had been in touch with the spirit of Wickham Steed, the great British editor and friend of Sir Oliver Lodge, the spiritualist leader. Steed had guaranteed that the verdict would be not guilty. And he proved to be right.

Cohen usually retires into a dream world of his own after a long day of cases which may be lost as easily as won. He goes to bed with a serious book, then sends himself to sleep with Perry Mason's latest courtroom triumph.

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Have the insects got us licked?

Continued from page 33

"Ten thousand kinds of insects in Canada and the U. S. should be listed as public enemies"

salmon there is to put it mildly, a conflict of interest.

Insects of course are merely doing the best they can to survive and reproduce their kind. Some of them are useful to us. Obviously we cannot do without insect pollinators, particularly bees, which are responsible for the success of some fifty seed and fruit crops. Then there are hosts of insects that serve as food for the many fish and birds whose maintenance we appreciate. And there are insects that prey on or parasitize other insects and so help hold down the total number.

On the other hand about ten thousand different kinds of insects have been listed in Canada and the United States as being sufficiently numerous to rate interests to be called public enemies, while many more from other parts of the world are simply awaiting transportation. With every ship and plane there is danger of a new out-how insect landing.

One of the most alarming newcomers arrived in California two years ago. A melon fly from Hawaii. It was apparently a lonely newcomer that was soon recognized and caught. Once established on this continent, however, the fly could have destroyed nearly all our melons, squash, cucumbers, tomatoes and many other vegetables as it did in Hawaii not so long ago.

An example of what can happen when a dangerous insect gets a foothold was the case of the malaria-carrying African mosquito which appeared in Brazil about twenty years ago, coinciding with the first regular trans-Atlantic airplane flight to that region. In 1938 more than twenty thousand persons died in Brazil as a result and only by a tremendous co-operative effort by the Rockefeller Foundation and the Brazilian government was this mosquito eliminated during the following two years. Otherwise much of South America might have become almost uninhabitable by human beings, just as large parts of Africa have been abandoned because of the tse-tse fly which carries the fatal sleeping sickness.

Once an insect has become fully established, it is nearly impossible to eliminate. If all the descendants of one pair of house flies survived and reproduced for one season from April to August they would amount to nearly two hundred million million million. In nature in sufficient food and the presence of natural enemies cut the number down to a small fraction but the potentiality is there and to some insects such as the cabbage aphid it may even be a million times greater. In number of species—probably about two million—and in actual numbers insects undoubtedly dominate the earth.

From our somewhat self-centred viewpoint they are hugely destructive. Between 1939 and 1949 the annual loss in the United States from the European corn borer rose from around $4 million to $350 million, while the total damage to crops and timber by insects on this continent now runs into several billion dollars annually. It is so serious that the manufacture of insecticides has itself become a major industry.

The reverse of the medal is that in fact it has been changed for better or for worse by insects. The fall of the Roman Empire has been attributed at least in part to the undermining of health by malaria-carrying mosquitoes. Bubonic plague spread by fleas carried by rats killed more than half the population of England during the fourteenth century and about one quarter of the population of Europe.

Not that the threat of plague is a thing of the past. Some time ago a rat with infected fleas escaped from a ship in San Francisco and managed to pass the disease on to the fleas of the western ground squirrels. Now ground squirrels throughout the west form a permanent reserve for the plague germ.

The Canadian north might have been exploited much sooner if mosquitoes and black flies had not been so abundant. Whether we will ever enjoy the north without them is doubtful. More likely we'll go on getting up with them just as people in the southeastern U. S. will probably have to suffer perpetual cohabitation with the vicious little red fire ant now spreading across the country like a wave from Mobile, Ala., where it was accidentally introduced from South America about thirty years ago.

What can we do to control the unlucky and devastations of such a multitude and resourceful enemy particularly when some of our indispensable partners are mixed in their ranks?

The locust menace

There is no simple answer. There are just too many insects. Even such insects themselves seem to recognize over-population problems, and periodically get rid of their surplus by migration. The large flocks of butterflies sometimes seen flying far out to sea off tropical coasts are generally expendable males on a voyage of no return.

Locust migrations too are brought on by a surplus population problem. The most spectacular migrations of locusts on this continent were seen late in the last century when swarms of Rocky Mountain grasshoppers stripped much of Nebraska of harvest, the ground had been burned over. The invading swarms averaged half a mile in height, were one hundred miles wide and three hundred miles long. In one particular migration more than one hundred billion locusts were on the move. The threat persists and on a lesser scale has often been carried out.

Every device human ingenuity can think up has been brought to bear against outlaw insects from direct attack to the most devious trickery. If there has been a turning point in our favor, however, it has come with the use of the airplane as a means of spraying or dusting large areas. The method already has been used for a long time, particularly in efforts to control the boll weevil in the cotton fields of the U. S., but it is only since the atomic age resulting from World War II that certain poisons have really developed. One good-sized airplane can cover as much area with a single load of insecticide as a truck-borne spray rig would cover in four years.

The more or less successful attacks we are now making by air employ new chemical insecticides and aerosol, a non-poisonous liquid gas, as a means of dispersing them. DDT is the best known and generally the most effective of the newer insecticides, although many others are in use and new ones are being made and tried out continually.

But there is a problem for if an insecticide washes into the streams trouble arises for the fish, whereas if it remains in the soil how much harm will be done to important soil organisms or to crops? DDT itself appears to be relatively harmless so far as plants are concerned, but arsenic residues from orchard and potato spraying have spoiled large areas for growing crops of any kind for many years.

Other effects of insecticides are much more unexpected. Take the case of the house fly. When the war ended the government purchased millions of pounds of DDT for controlling flies, with spectacular results. There was talk of exterminating flies altogether. Yet after only two years, at the end of 1947, reports came in that flies were no longer being killed by DDT from places as far apart as California, Italy and Sweden. Apparently DDT killed only about ninety percent of the flies it reached, leaving the resistant ten percent to repopulate the fly kingdom. In the course of a number of generations races of flies almost completely resistant to DDT evolved, so that we are more or less back where we started. Many species of mosquito in various parts of the world are now evolving strains resistant to DDT, although with less effectiveness than the flies.

Nor is DDT the only chemical to which insects are developing a built-in resistance. The red scale insect, a major pest on California citrus trees, has been kept under control for many years by fumigation with deadly hydrocyanic acid. But the insects are much harder to kill than they used to be, and other methods of control are being sought.

There is another unlooked-for effect of using DDT. The chemical is very effective against most leaf-feeding insects that attack apples and pears, such as tent caterpillars, fall web-worms, Japanese beetles and leaf hoppers. But it is much less effective against many others. So that using DDT, or any other insecticide for that matter, upsets a balance of nature and may do much more than kill off a particular pest. Many orchard pests, for instance, are held in check not so much by chemicals as by predatory or preying insects, predaceous mites and spiders. Most of these natural enemies however are highly susceptible to DDT. They are killed off at a much higher rate than some of the injurious pests they prey upon—spraying in these cases may make the pest worse than ever.

Bees are about as susceptible to DDT as some other insecticides as most insects. Yet how can you protect the bees when you poison the plants or trees they visit?

So we are in a quandary. The extensive use of insecticides on cultivated crops has driven beekeeping out of many areas. In cotton growing areas in particular the beekeeping industry has been wiped out. Yet for other crops the bees are essential for pollination. The curious situation is now arising where orchardists have to pay rental fees to induce beekeepers into their fields during blossom time.

Chemical warfare is not the only kind now being waged against insects. Biological warfare is also well under way. It is a striking fact that many of the worst crop pests are not native insects of this continent but are importations from other

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parts of the world, and that in the regions where they come from they usually do much less harm. In their homeland there is a natural balance between the pest insect and one or more parasitic insects. So that if we can discover the natural parasites of an obnoxious insect we have a chance of employing them as a biological weapon.

A good instance was the first case in which this system was used. The cottony cushion scale insect appeared in California in 1872 and attacked the citrus trees threatening to destroy the industry. It was known that the scale originated in Australia. In Australia however it did comparatively little damage because a parasite seemed to hold it in check. A Californian scientist managed to get to Australia in 1888. He found and shipped back not only the tiny parasitic fly he was looking for but also a previously unknown beetle that feeds greedily on the eggs and larvae of the scale insect. Since then this parasitic scale has remained under complete control — except that DDT inexactly introduced to control another scale insect also kills the beetle that controls the cottony-cushion scale.

Methods have now been developed for mass production of imported parasites and predators and the search goes on for parasites that will hold down a particular pest. Perhaps this is the most effective kind of control in the long run but it is the most difficult to work out.

The greatest task we are playing on insects involves both biology and fashion. Screw-worms are the grubs of certain flies that lay their eggs in cuts and sores in the hide of livestock. If not controlled they can wipe out entire herds of cattle, sheep, hogs and goats. There are various forms of treatment but real control lies only in more or less communal living that does not in treating livestock injuries.

The new procedure is to raise the maggots in the laboratory in enormous numbers and to expose them to strong radiation just before they are ready to become flying insects. This makes them sterile. Then they are distributed by airplane over the area to be controlled. The sterile males mate freely with wild female females and cause them in turn to lay infertile eggs. Conducted on a large scale and repeated a number of times, the sterilized males so outnumber the wild ones that the fly population dwindles and disappears. The method has already succeeded in eliminating the screw worm from isolated planes such as the Caribbean island of Curaçao where reinfestation from outside is difficult and it is now being applied in the southern United States.

And so the war continues. One side or the other momentarily gets the upper hand. The insects are close to two million kinds to one, and but we have intelligence to put against them instinct. Still on the evidence we are more likely to exterminate ourselves than to do away with the multitude of six-legged creatures that plague us. ★

Nothing succeeds like Charles Templeton

Continued from page 35

"Occasionally he seems insincere but he is no flatterer or back thumper," says one critic.

More recently he was master of ceremonies on the CBS television program Look Up and Live, beamed by the National Council of Churches in the United States to teen-agers. The show which is still running with a different format was scheduled for the thirty Sunday mornings, and has featured the jazz of Dave Brubeck, the dancing of Miriam Talbitchel and the singing of Ethel Waters. When the attention of the young people had presumably been hooked Templeton gave them a seven-minute inspirational talk designed to sound as little like a formal sermon as possible.

As a young man he used every devious except Demosthenes' trick with the pebbles to make a public speaker of himself. He stood in the pulpits of empty churches and drilled himself by the hour. He set himself exercises in extemporaneous speaking on a variety of theological themes and listened critically to the result on a tape recorder. When he was starting out as a minister people used to turn and look after him on the street as he walked along gesticulating aloud to himself. The result is a precise speaking style. He talks like he looks, says Bob Blackburn, TV critic of the Ottawa Citizen. "He is almost as immaculate in his speech as in his appearance."

His personality is pleasant but monotonous. "I feel there is a sadness about Chuck Templeton," said his producer Ross McLean. "He speaks and thinks as precisely as he dresses," said Neil Leroy, master of ceremonies of Court of Opinion. "He's good looking and I think he's aware of it but he isn't vain. People like him instantly particularly women. I like his kindly humor."

To others his sense of humor is a little undernourished if not downright naive. At a party held by the Close Up staff he invited a colleague by saying to him: "You haven't got an inferiority complex you are inferior." He made the well used remark with the air of a man who was unveiling a *mot*.

He admits his own sense of fun has been conditioned by years of exposure to clerical humor. Here's a sample supplied by Templeton, of the sort of jest that moves across the country from vestry to vestry in the same swift and mysterious way that another kind of joke spreads from one newspaper office to another. Three clergymen were discussing their secret weaknesses. "I must confess that when the going gets tough I take a drink," said one. "I haven't been able to control the lusts of the flesh completely and I find myself ogling pretty girls," said the second. "And what is yours?" they asked the third man. "Well," he said slowly, "I'm a terrible gossip and I just can't wait to get out of hand."

Templeton is a good enough actor to make you feel he is genuinely interested in what is being told to him. Occasionally he seems insincere but he is no flatterer or back thumper, said Gordon Sinclair, Toronto Star critic. "He sometimes displays a reluctance to knock his subjects off balance. I think he's too sympathetic to his subjects to be sarcastic

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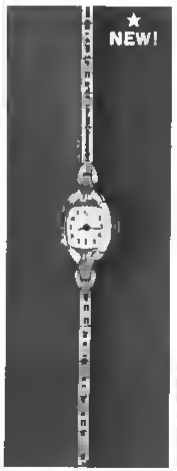

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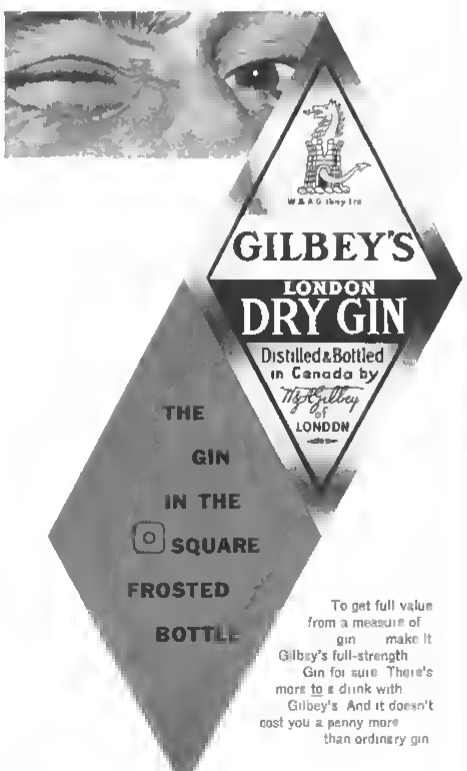

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ing enough said Ron Poulton of the Toronto Telegram

I am incapable of being deliberately rude to anyone" said Templeton But sometimes I would like to get a chance to interview a charlatan and publicly expose him to the world

One of his first overseas assignments with Close Up pitted him against a ten year old French girl Simone Dionet who had written poetry so mature that some critics had accused her of being a fake and Jean Cocteau had suggested that she was in reality an eighty year old dwarf Simone who had been closeted a short time earlier by a jury of academicians who had locked her up in her room with a pencil and paper and orders to compose completely churned Templeton They walked hand in hand through sunny country lanes picnicked for the timeless and ended in a blood idyll with a kiss on the cheek of such sentimentality that it would make A A Milne look like Mickey Spillane

Five weeks after his return Templeton told about the little girl and repeated her parting words *Bon jour mon ami Je suis fatigue*" complete with translation Good by my friend of the sea When he went to California a Short time later to do a batch of interviews he told the story together with many more involving the names of celebrities he had met recently in Aldous Huxley After monopolizing the conversation for an hour talking almost incessantly as though spurred by a nervous compulsion Templeton took time to communicate with his producer on the sidelines with a stage whisper My gosh he's a lovely talker he said of Huxley

Later in the week the crew paid a call on Oscar Levant and Templeton repeated the performance which was made remarkable by the fact that Levant no green hand at interviewing is hard to interrupt much less dominate conversationally As Templeton talked and Levant listened one of the crew observed In a minute Chuck's going to tell us what a hell of a talker this one is

The Huxley interview was one of Templeton's favorites an enthusiasm McLean does not share Something happened there which sometimes happens in one of Chuck's interviews—there was no real meeting of minds There didn't seem to be any real comprehension by him of what Huxley was saying

Since part of the interviewer's technique consists of quoting the subject's own earlier and sometimes foolish words back at him Templeton reads widely in the preparation for the Huxley interview From six five or even more books and as many as a dozen magazine articles are culled for background material and provocative or embarrassing quotes for the interviewer to use

However all the research at his command could not save another Hollywood assignment from becoming a debacle although one of the most engaging and revealing dialogues in the brief history of television interviewing The interviewee which Templeton recalls with mixed horror and delight featured Levant Zsa Zsa Gabor actress and professional beauty Pamela Mason the wife of James the actor and Hermione Gingold the cigarette smoking comedienne who delighted London during the war with a show on all topics beginning with Sweet and Low all the way to Sweetest and Lowest

Mason was supposed to be a member of the kaffeklatsch but Levant scuppered that Using as his reminder Templeton Mason's doll as a prop The topic was nominally Matriarchy in Hollywood a title which Robert Benchley might have chosen for a different set of reasons but the meeting soon came to disorder and degenerated into a fight between Levant and the women He enraged Miss Gingold by persistently calling her Hermione and complimented her on retaining her boyishness He saluted Miss Gabor for having found the secret of perpetual middle age At the end of the telecast Gingold stomped out pointedly stating she had never been so insulted in her life but the gorgeous Gabor leaped back and fetched half an hour she and Levant insulted in each other in the hall

On another occasion Templeton interviewed a lawyer who was drunk and kept leaving the studio with the very excuse that he was going to "powder his nose" to get even drunker on stolen sips By all time he could scarcely speak From his interview with Louis Bercovitz convicted and freed Montreal gangland killer Templeton got the idea for his latest one hour play It was his life or mine There was no time to be a sketch for forgiving so I shot him the ex gunman told Templeton of the crime that jailed him for eleven years

On Court of Opinion he has invariably put his foot orthodox than moderation Neil Tilroy rejected a former minister to be "On interest also mention his compassion" said Tilroy

Here is Templeton's views in condensed form on some questions with which the radio court has wrestled

What is your chief criticism of Canada? We are too easily satisfied by our achievements. Americans work much harder The end result of their work is not necessarily better but they have better discipline than we have

Is there too much gambling? Because it is predicated on the concept of something for nothing it can be harmful It is become like a narcotic a minister friend of mental illness

Do you believe in euthanasia? We show a lack of compassion when we allow people to suffer without hope or without any chance of learning the lesson we can get from pain

Are private clubs desirable? I see nothing wrong with them They have to be exclusive to be private but when they discriminate on the basis of religion or race I think they are bad indeed

His departure from the church a year ago was not the first but the second time he had left Early in his travels along the sawdust trail of evangelism Templeton's faith was shaken by a radio exposure in the writings of such skeptics as Tom Paine Ingersoll and Voltaire that he left the ministry (he now felt that he was gone) and went back to listening But in a few weeks he returned to his faith restored by prayer and the solid reading of his Bible

The latest break was the result of months of doubt and indecision that struck at the roots of his faith I had to decide whether or not I could accept the deity of Jesus Christ said Templeton This would be all right if I were in the ministry Christian but I am a man who is preaching to others it was essential that I resolve my difficulty To remain in the church with my doubts still plaguing me would have been dishonest

In these rare cases where a minister leaves the church he is usually because he feels he has been a failure Templeton left at the peak of his career said the Rev A C Forrest editor of the semi monthly United Church Observer The publication came out in a manner which sympathized with his personal tragedy Templeton had once back to Canada on many occasions to radio

Continued on page 64

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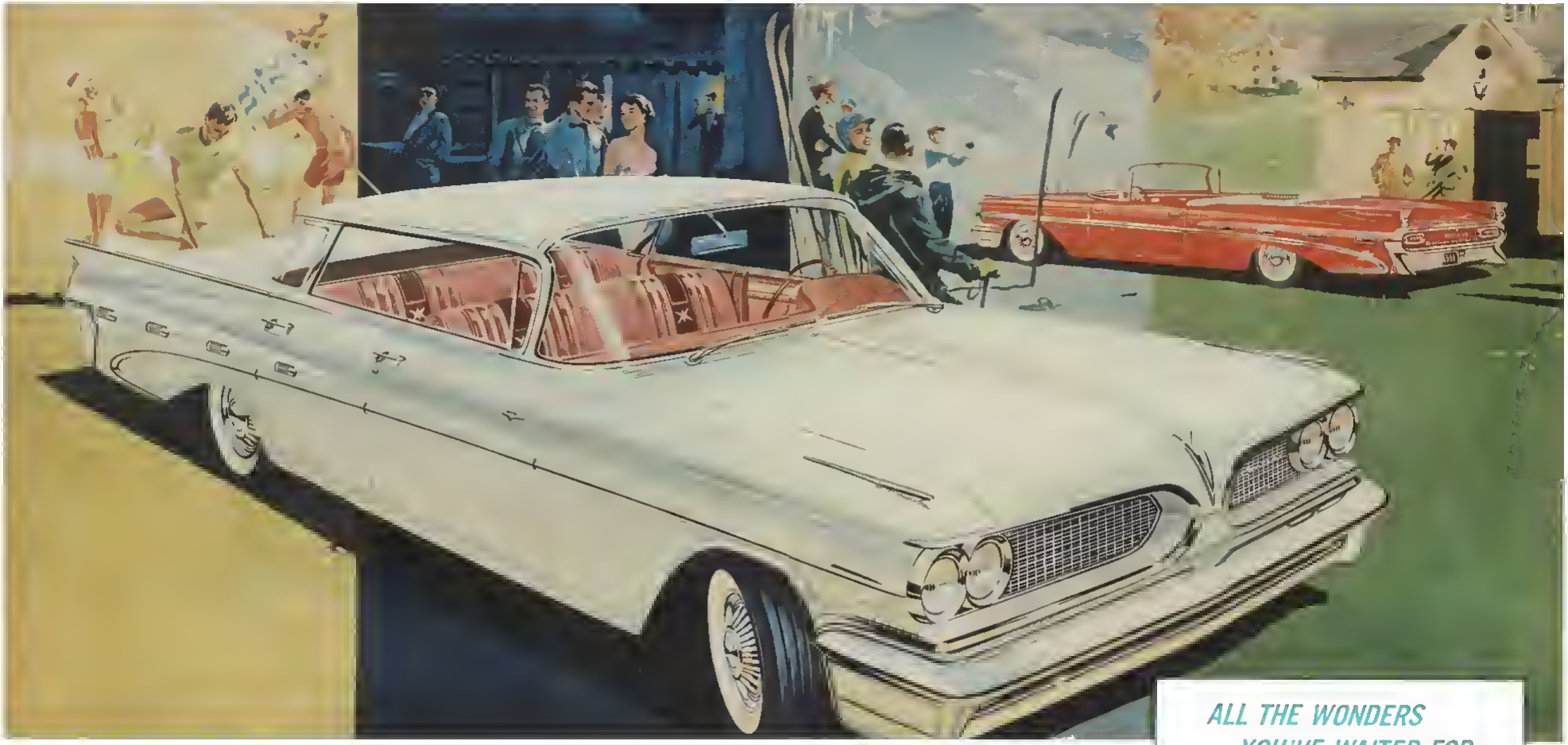

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evangelistic service for the United Church.

Most clergymen share this sympathy but three quarters of the many letters and phone calls Templeton still gets are critical. Phone calls usually begin with the question: "Is that really Chuck Templeton we just saw on TV—the evangelist?" When his identity is established the kind of caller, often anonymous, revokes him for selling out.

When Templeton left Toronto he was a famous young evangelist. He had been chosen by the Youth For Christ group to lead a team which included Billy Graham to Europe to get the movement rolling there. But he was never comfortable as an evangelist. The doctrinal emphasis on damnation bothered him. He also felt the need for more education than his own had not gone beyond second form of Parkdale Collegiate in Toronto. He was admitted to the Princeton Theological Seminary and took the three year course although he did not receive a degree because he lacked a BA. Here the old doubts which were eventually to drive him from the church returned to haunt him. For a while year he fasted every Wednesday. He kept his grip on his faith, although at times it was a struggle, but in that year he caught eighteen colds, probably as a result of fasting.

On leaving Princeton he was admitted to the Presbyterian Church, was appointed secretary for evangelism for the National Council of Churches and later held a similar post with his own church. He got an honorary doctor of divinity from Lafayette College, but prefers to be called Chuck rather than Doctor. He politely declined an earlier degree from another college because he didn't think it was quite top drawer.

At the time he left he was being spoken of as a future candidate for the pulpit of Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church which would have paid him eighteen thousand dollars a year and provided him with an apartment in downtown Manhattan.

"If money were my only concern I could make thirty-five thousand dollars a year or no evangelist," says Templeton in reply to the charge that he had sold out. Not was the breakup of his marriage the reason for his leaving the church. He and his wife Connie agreed amicably to end their childless marriage after he had decided to leave the church. "There was no scandal, no bitterness. She is one of the finest people I ever knew. She ironed me for eighteen years. I had my breakfast in bed every morning. She is married again and a short time ago she and her husband came to see me at the cottage," he said.

Templeton still worries about the people he brought into the church for fear they will feel let down by his departure. So far none of the thirty-six young men who went into the ministry at his urging have reproached him. As for his own faith Templeton refuses to assess and tag it. "I don't think I'm an agnostic. Anyway I don't believe in labels. Let's just say I'm still a religious man but in a different way than I was," he said.

He is adjusting quickly to the new life. He will continue to write TV plays and books. Two inspirational books—Evangelism for Tomorrow and Life, Look Up—have both been best sellers in their field. He has written thirty songs and has made one a semi-religious song called True Happiness, published. He gets small royalties from ASCAP every six months.

He likes living alone with his pure-bred Siamese cat, Mio, for which he paid fifty dollars. Watching Mio relax is better than a sermon by Norman Vincent Peale, said the former minister. He still goes to church, alone in particular although not every Sunday. When he stays home he usually listens to a service on the radio. He has more time to listen to recitals of classical music than he used to have. He has rediscovered the novel. He once started but never finished a novel drawing on Biblical mythology.

Someday he might try his hand at acting. He might even go into politics but not while he is engaged in the form of varied journalism from which he is now making his living.

"Success has always palled on me quickly," he said recently. "I like solitude, but I have always found myself a niche in the limelight both in my church work and now in TV. I have always yearned for a kind of anonymity."

It has been in the lonely places of his life that Templeton has known deep sorrow and bitter conflict. Now music alone than ever he searches for a solitary place that can help to give peace and a kind of contentment to him.

"There is a little cove near St. John's, in Newfoundland," he said recently, talking slowly with the air of a man anxious to savor a pleasant recollection, "where there are just a few houses. It's like a little piece of sky and sea and green hills. A man could have a fine time there."

With his rod? I was suggested.

He nodded. "With his rod. He could write and read and listen to music and go for walks." He shook his head. "What a life that would be." ★

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When Vancouver turned back the Sikhs continued from page 31

"The Komagata Maru sailed for India. Behind her, six died in an outburst of violence"

ly of Vancouver by like minded and used on his constant right of "they [illegible] longest and hundred times rather than turn back. Seizing control of the ship from the Japanese crew, the Indian frustrated Sikhs held out against hopeless odds and often could on at need force of police and immigration officers, what at night could attempted to capture the Komagata Maru and force her to sail.

Beaten in the courts, rebuffed by the people of Vancouver and intimidated by the crew of HMCS Rainbow, the Sikhs finally accepted defeat and sailed out of the Portal.

When they reached India, their disappointments fanned the flame of their hatred. In Canada world influence the growing revolt against British rule, the police had to hold them in a waiting train to keep them from the anger of their fellow-men in the Punjab. The Sikhs united in a clash with police and British troops. Twenty Sikhs were killed. Three policemen and three Sikhs also died in the riot.

In the wake of the Komagata Maru incident, figure outbursts of violence, such as killing of the Sikh leaders, and assassination in the Vancouver Sikh community, through Vancouver's Sikh community, lasting six years, before it spent itself.

While the Komagata Maru incident was a major factor, the Indian Political will has shifted toward the "non-violent" line. The press depicted them as a poor immigrant which they were, but as foreign-born and hardy Canadians, who would definitely overrun the country if they were allowed to enter.

"I'd have starve"

Their century was started as the Indian population designed to obtain a British job in India and free wheat. It's things that it had been in such [illegible] by Canadian [illegible] in the [illegible] not [illegible] [illegible]

At one stage, when the Sikh leaders had days without food, one of the Vancouver Protestant ministers said that they should be allowed to die of starvation rather than, although public opinion would probably view it as a church with [illegible] sentiment.

Everyone from trade unionists in the city with the exception of a small band of socialists was against them. When one minister volunteered his opposition by saying, "It isn't our duty to explain to those men in the harbor that we don't desire them in this city," one of his listeners cried out, "But we do!" Even but socialist friends told them to go home—to sweep the whites from India.

Yet that was the one thing the Sikhs would not do—go home—until the Rainbow actually hall of Canada's warship, one of the time was maintained at last anchor alongside the immigrant ship.

The Komagata Maru incident was enacted against a background as old as Vancouver itself. In 1887, two before the city had marked its first anniversary, the imposition of a handful of Chinese workers had sparked riots that twenty years later in 1907, white mobs invaded Chinatown and the Japanese quarter, smashing shop windows and terrorizing the inhabitants. The root of the trouble was economic: the whites feared they were to be engulfed in a total wave of cheap labor from Asia. Out of the fear sprang blind hatred and contempt for the Asians.

Three years before the Komagata Maru sailed in 1911, census showed that British Columbia paid [illegible] of 392,000 included 2,300 Hindus for immigration from India were disaffected, most from thousand Chinese and Japanese. A number ships were taken in Ottawa to the immigration from Asia. Sixteen of India, though British subjects, were virtually barred from Canada by immigration in 1910. Yet neither mob, specifically mentioned them by name, but fear of racial resentment and feelings [illegible]

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The [illegible] immigration [illegible] through Erskine from [illegible] India [illegible] impossibility for the people of India because there was no direct steamship service between the two countries.

Later in 1913 a Sikh named Narain Singh, who arrived in Vancouver with party of thirty-five immigrants challenged these laws in the courts and they were upheld after [illegible] forcing the government to call off the [illegible] and his countrymen to settle in Canada.

Gathered around the Sikh [illegible] in Hong Kong, Shanghai and even Japan were many Sikh veterans of the British army who desired to immigrate to Canada. Word of Narain Singh's victory reached them and helped to launch the Komagata Maru expedition.

Unknown to them, the Canadian government had on 16 October in 1914 to [illegible] an Order-in-Council requiring the total of $200 and proving "through" The Sikh leaders may have learned of this yet unpublished ruling or relied upon Narain Singh's legal triumph.

The Komagata Maru venture was organized by a Sikh patriarch named Gurdit Singh, a sensitive yet militant man of distinguished appearance, his dark hindquarters set off by the stark white of both his turban and his long, flowing beard. He had been a small landowner in India until in about 1885 had gone to Malaya where he had built a contracting business.

What led me to this work, he wrote in the ship's log, is that when I came to Hong Kong in January, 1914 I could not bear the humiliation of those who were in the Gurdwara (Sikh temple) waiting to go to Vancouver. They were waiting there for years. How tyrannical and hard was this on our brothers! This affected my mind and I resolved to take them to Vancouver, under any circumstances.

And so he chartered the Japanese owned Komagata Maru, formerly a passenger ship of three thousand gross tons, in Hong Kong for a period of [illegible] months.

In command of her Japanese master, Captain Yamamoto, the vessel sailed from Hong Kong on April 4, 1914, in spite of attempts by the authorities to halt her, taking on more passengers in Shanghai, Kobe and Yokohama, so that three hundred and seventy-six were aboard as the set out for Vancouver. Twenty-five were Moslems, the rest Sikhs. Twenty-two men were returning to Vancouver after a visit to India and two of these were accompanied by their wives and children.

When the Komagata Maru put in at the quarantine station off Victoria on May 21 newspapermen went aboard and to them Gurdit Singh declared: "What is done with this shipload of my people will determine whether we shall have peace in all parts of the British Empire.

"The main object of our coming, he said, is to let the British government know how they can maintain their rule in India as the Indian government is in danger nowadays. We can absolutely state how the British government may be made to fail in India."

Though the statement was largely bluff it was to be used time and again to prove that the Sikhs' main object in coming was, in fact, to embarrass the British.

As the Komagata Maru sailed on to Vancouver a Japanese seaman apparently seeking to enter Canada by evading all immigration red tape, leaped overboard and was drowned.

A special detachment of police patrolled the Vancouver waterfront the morning of May 23 as the immigrant ship slipped through the First Narrows into Burrard Inlet. She was not permitted to dock but was ordered to drop anchor about two hundred yards offshore. Two guards were placed aboard and an immigration launch began a continual guard.

Parked and ready to board the Sikhs were informed by Malcolm Reid, chief immigration inspector, and his deputy, William Hopkinson, of the three laws that barred them way. The Sikhs became confident they could upset these laws in the courts exactly as Narain Singh had done six months before. Their lawyer, J. Edward Bird, said: "There is no question but that they are in an [illegible] position."

Government officials acting on express orders of the prime minister, Sir Robert Borden, were determined to prevent test case except on their own terms. In legal procedure would allow the Sikhs seven opportunities to win their case. The government sought to narrow the issue down to a single fact.

As the law stood any one of the Sikhs once rejected by an immigration board of inquiry and held for deportation could claim he was being illegally detained and so apply to a B.C. supreme court judge for a writ of *habeas corpus*. If it proved he could renew his application before each of the other six members of the court in turn and if refused by them all he could then go to the court of appeal.

Yet were he to win anywhere along the line the government could not contest his victory in the court of appeal for at that time only the refusal not the granting of a writ of *habeas corpus*, could be appealed.

Four days after the Komagata Maru's arrival government lawyers made an offer of a test case whereby the Sikhs would surrender their right to go to one judge after another. Instead one of them would allow his application for a writ to be dismissed by a judge whereupon he would appeal to the court of appeal.

When the Sikhs rejected this deal two days later, on May 29, the government countered with a stalling tactic and there began a legal deadlock that was not to be broken for almost a month.

The immigration board of inquiry gradually admitted the twenty-two men who were returning from visits to India, but as the others appeared their hearings were deliberately prolonged and when concluded decisions were reserved. As none was formally rejected no grounds existed for challenging the laws in the courts.

The next few weeks of tolerance were packed with incident as the undaunted Sikhs carried on their sea-going sit-down strike.

By day two armed immigration officers patrolled the decks of the Komagata Maru and at night their strength was doubled. Once as the day guards left the ship the Sikhs barred the way to the night replacements, threatening to throw them overboard. The guards were all withdrawn.

The newspapers reported that the immigrants had gone on a hunger strike but Gurdit Singh cabled protests to George V, claiming that some three hundred of the king's subjects were being starved by Inspector Reid who, he said, would not allow provisions to be put aboard.

In the House of Commons a cabinet minister replied that the Sikhs had been offered flour, rice, bread and lime but had refused this food unless they were also given ginger, milk, fifty live sheep and goats, one hundred live poultry and ten hundred boxes of cigarettes.

The Sikhs' lawyer, Edward Bird, lodged a protest against what he called the Russian tyranny of Inspector Reid in preventing him from boarding the Komagata Maru to confer with his clients. Guards on the ship had threatened to throw him overboard. He and Gurdit Singh were forced to discuss their affairs from two launches in these hovered near one another.

Two Japanese cruisers, Asama and Azuma, were about to arrive on a courtesy visit and the harbor master ordered Captain Yamamoto to move his ship to another anchorage to make way for them. The Sikhs, suspecting a trick, threatened the Japanese crew, prevented them from getting up steam and established their complete control over the Komagata Maru. She stayed put.

Rumor became as incessant as the waves that lapped the sides of the Komagata Maru. The Sikhs were planning to set fire to the vessel and then to leap overboard. Another ship jammed to the gunwales with Indian immigrants was on its way from Calcutta, financed by a woman of wealth and mystery. When the Japanese cruisers anchored scores of Nippon sailors would swarm aboard the Komagata Maru to quell the Sikhs and force them to leave.

Meanwhile the Vancouver agent for the ship owners repeatedly ordered Gurdit Singh to allow the vessel to sail because the Sikhs had no money to pay the twenty thousand dollars they owed on the charter and for her charge of coal. Then five hundred Vancouver Sikhs met and donated five thousand dollars in cash and pledged another sixty thousand dollars worth of real estate to carry on the fight. Twenty thousand of this was used to pay off the debts and take over the charter in the name of two Vancouver Sikh leaders, Rahim Singh and Bhag Singh.

A second meeting, attended by a hundred and twenty-five whites as well as four hundred Sikhs, was addressed by Edward Bird, the lawyer, and by the Vancouver socialist leader, H. M. Fitzgerald, who exclaimed: "Up and arm yourselves and fight to regain your liberty! Inspire your countrymen to return and sweep all of the whites from India!"

"I'll these people wish to come to this country can we hinder them?" asked Bird. "Are not most of the residents of Canada settlers from some other country?" Bird said he had received piteous letters from Gurdit Singh stating that the Sikhs are starving and are cooped up worse than cattle." The meeting protested to the prime minister that the authorities were preventing the Vancouver Sikhs from provisioning the ship.

Vancouver's white citizens replied with a protest rally of their own called by the mayor and demanded that Ottawa force the Sikhs to leave immediately and that all further Asiatic immigration be banned as being "hurtful" from the standpoint of citizenship, public morals and the maintenance of Fitzgerald and the Sikh leader Rahim Singh tried to speak and were dragged down by members of the audience and the police.

Meanwhile Inspector Reid furnished before the board of inquiry an affidavit signed by several hundred Sikhs charging that Sohan Lal Sikhmund, a Sikh who was chief [illegible] Reid had urged the

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minister Reid him assistant William Hopkinson and three Sikhs who were serving the immigration department as interpreters. The treatment it was alleged, was contained in a poem Sohan Lal had composed and then recited in the Sikh temple.

By June 20—the Komagata Maru had then been in port almost a month—the board of inquiry apart from admitting the twenty two minorities, had heard the cases of only six of the remaining three hundred and fifty four and had given a verdict in none though the law required that immediate decisions be made. Edward Bird began court action demanding that the board show cause for its failure to give decisions.

Inspector Reid and H. H. Stevens, the Vancouver member of parliament who led the fight to bar the Sikhs made urgent appeals to Ottawa to force the Komagata Maru to depart before the court could hear Bird's case. At a public meeting, Stevens declared: "Some say 'Why do you not go to the courts?' and I say We are willing to go to the courts if we can get an honest court to go to."

Stevens involved a plan to shanghai the Immigrants. The Empress of India would be brought alongside the Komagata Maru a boarding party would then seize the Sikhs and transfer them to the CPR liner. He wired Ottawa for approval as well as for eighteen thousand dollars to pay the Sikhs fares. He was turned down.

Instead, government lawyers renewed their original offer of a test case and on June 24 the Sikhs accepted it. They selected Munshi Singh a farmer to go before the courts. On July 6 the court of appeal gave its decision. Munshi Singh had been rightfully barred from entering Canada.

The Sikhs had lost. According to Bird they accepted defeat "quite philosophically" and would leave "as soon as the boat is ready to sail."

Yet now the Sikhs began a last-ditch struggle to force the government to provision their ship and to pay for extension of the ship's charter or the equivalent of the men's return fares. Various proposals were made by them involving sums that ranged from twenty to thirty thousand dollars.

The government was willing to provision the Komagata Maru though not as liberally as the ring intended but it was not prepared to grant any money.

Though some food reached them from their friends ashore the Sikhs went many days with nothing to eat or drink. Once they appealed to Inspector Reid: "Take pity on our wretched condition otherwise we shall be compelled to go ashore to quench our raging thirst." When Reid visited the ship they threatened to hold him hostage unless he promised to send food. That night a government launch took them supplies.

The government now decided to bring the whole affair to a climax—by force if necessary.

On July 12, Gurdit Singh was instructed by the Vancouver agent for the ship's owners to let the Komagata Maru sail at once. When he refused the ultimatum, Captain Yamamoto asked for police assistance, the first step in the authorities plan of action.

At 1:15 a.m. on Sunday July 19 the tug Sea Lion set out from shore with one hundred and twenty policemen and forty immigration officers. Also aboard was H. H. Stevens M.P. The police were armed with revolvers, the specials with clubs. The plan was for the men to board the Komagata Maru and to quell the Sikhs while the Japanese crew got up steam. The Sea Lion, carrying the armed specials, was then to escort the ship out to sea.

One oversight turned the expedition into a fiasco: the deck of the Komagata Maru towered a good fifteen feet above that of the Sea Lion. From this height the Sikhs rained a fusillade of garbage, dining-room chairs, scrap metal, coal and firewood down on the tug. One Sikh leaned over the rail swinging a flat iron that hung from a piece of wire. A score of policemen were cut and bruised. The Sea Lion scurried for shore where eight of its men, including the chief of police, were hospitalized.

This jeered an Ottawa newspaper, the Morning Citizen, was "the limit of opera bouffe government."

Smarting from this defeat, the government sent for HMCS Rainbow a decrepit cruiser that had been recently recommissioned at Vancouver. Eighty sailors from HMCS Niobe, Canada's only other warship, had arrived from Halifax to help man her.

In Vancouver, excitement mounted as newsboys hustled extras that told of the preparations being made for battle. Two militia units—a thousand men in all—were being mobilized. The Japanese crew had been removed from the Komagata Maru. Aboard her the Sikhs were building barricades and were armed with clubs fashioned from driftwood. Gurdit Singh declared his men "would sooner die than submit."

When the Rainbow entered the harbour on July 21, thousands of spectators gathered on the waterfront or perched atop buildings overlooking it. The cruiser dropped anchor two hundred yards from the Komagata Maru and then trained three powerful fire hoses on the immigrant ship. Her guns were not to be needed, though the Sikhs were not made aware of this.

With everything in readiness, Malcolm Reid issued an ultimatum in the name of the government itself. The previous ultimatum all came from the ship's owners. "The government regrets," it continued, "that unless you now submit it will be necessary to take steps to enforce the law."

Replied Gurdit Singh: "We will obey the law if you give us sufficient provisions immediately and provide us with passage (money) across the Pacific."

The money was sought to reimburse the Vancouver Sikhs who had invested twenty thousand dollars in the ship's charter and cargo of coal. These men contended they had a claim against the government because they had expected to recoup their investment by selling the coal and were prevented by the government from unloading it.

A cabinet minister finally broke the deadlock by promising an investigation of the Vancouver Sikhs financial claim—if the Komagata Maru sailed at once.

The Sikhs famished and menaced by the Rainbow surrendered and accepted this compromise. (Later a one man commission ruled that the Vancouver Sikhs were not entitled to compensation because they had acted from seditious motives.) Provisions ranging from eight hundred sacks of flour to a thousand bottles of beer (of fused by the Sikhs for washing their hair) but not including the brandy and gesin demanded by the immigrants were hastily loaded aboard the Komagata Maru.

At dawn on July 23, exactly two months to the hour after she had entered Burrard Inlet, the Komagata Maru headed out to sea; the Rainbow trailing in her wake.

As the steamer slipped through a narrow channel on her way to the open Pacific a final attempt was made to beat the immigration laws—by two Japanese seamen who leaped overboard and struck out for shore. The crew of the Rainbow plucked them from the water and returned them to the Komagata Maru.

When the Komagata Maru put into Yokohama in mid August the British consul told the men they would be forbidden to land in Hong Kong because they "might cause mutiny among the Sikh regiments stationed there" and so the ship sailed on to India.

Except for brief moments ashore in Japan, the weary Sikhs had been cooped aboard ship for more than five months when the Komagata Maru finally arrived in India on September 26. Now, in their own country, they were battered by a new wartime law that empowered the government to restrict the liberty of any one entering India who might threaten the "safety, interest, or tranquility" of the state.

The Komagata Maru was ordered to dock at Budge Budge fourteen miles from Calcutta, where a special train, guarded by thirty Punjabi police, waited to whisk them off to the Punjab. At first the Sikhs refused to go ashore but eventually on September 29 they landed. A few entered the train. The rest, more than three hundred strong, began to march toward Calcutta. At the head of the procession two men carried the Granth Sahib, the Sikhs holy scripture. At the rear stride the Punjabi police.

Reinforcements were summoned and thirty European police and one hundred and fifty men of the Royal Fusiliers sped from Calcutta toward Budge Budge. The Sikhs were intercepted and forced to return to Budge Budge. Those who halted on the way to seek water were prodded with pointed bamboo sticks.

At Budge Budge they were herded together near the train and Gurdit Singh who was in the midst of his men was ordered to name faith. He refused. A police officer went into the crowd to get him. There was a shot and the officer fell dead. The troops attacked. They killed not only twenty of the Sikhs but firing indiscriminately they also killed the leader of the Punjabi police. In all twenty-six men, including three bystanders, died in the riot.

Even as the Komagata Maru was making her homeward voyage a violent sequel was being enacted in Vancouver. The Sikh community seethed with hatred for a man named Bela Singh and his small faction of followers who had acted as government informers. They reported on Sikhs who had entered the country illegally, spied on meetings held in the temple and gave information concerning those suspected of sympathizing with the Indian independence movement.

Throughout the Komagata Maru affair Bela Singh maintained that his life was in danger. On the other hand, Sohan Lal, a prominent Sikh leader, claimed he had several times been stalked by assassins. Benchman of Bain Singh. Once he had blinded them, he said, by darting into a theatre where in violation of his religion he removed his turban so as to be lost in the crowd.

Still this hatred may have been held to check but not everyone hastily concluded that the death of one of the informers, Harnam Singh, was murder. Harnam Singh disappeared on August 17 and two weeks later his body, the throat

A CANADA LIFE POLICY

Their future starts now

If you are the father of a young family, you are probably planning great things for the future of your children. It is up to you to help make these plans come true. There is one thing that you can do now — start them on a Canada Life plan. This will give them a tidy sum to help with their education or provide a measure of security for them through life. Now they have the precious advantage of being young and never again will be able to create an insurance estate at such low rates. Consult a career representative of Canada Life for the best plan for your children.

The CANADA LIFE Assurance Company

D8581

Making Manners Work

Being "nice to know" is important to your success

Business or social unease is not entirely a matter of being pleasant. But creating an *unpleasant* impression can spoil your chances! Thoughtful, pleasant-tasting Lavoris makes regular attention to oral hygiene a pleasure. In seconds, odour causing impurities are rinsed away to leave your mouth delightfully clean and refreshed, *your breath pure beyond question!* Use Lavoris as often as you use your toothbrush. Then you need never worry about breath freshness.

TASTES GOOD
—DOES GOOD

by a razor was found on a native Indian reservation near the Sikh temple. Later it appeared he had probably taken his own life, but at the time everyone was certain he had been murdered.

Three days later Arjun Singh, another mourner, was shot in a rooming house in the Sikh quarter and a man named Ram Singh was charged with the murder. Again a wrong conclusion had been reached, as was to be disclosed at Ram Singh's trial. Fearing for his own life after the death of the first informer, Arjun Singh had bought a gun to protect himself and, while showing it to Ram Singh, it had gone off and killed him.

Convinced that his two friends had been murdered, Bela Singh was panic-stricken. He was sure he was to be the next in line. He shaved first two days after Arjun Singh's death by killing two men in the temple where the Sikhs had gathered for a religious service following the cremation of Arjun Singh.

At Bela Singh's two trials for murder, witness after witness was to give their version of what took place.

A hymn was being sung when Bela Singh entered the temple. He came for worldly, not an abundance, to the sacred Granth Sahib. Throw some money into a collection box and sit down. A prayer followed. Bhag Singh, the priest, was kneeling when Bela Singh rose, drew two revolvers and shot him dead. Then he shot and killed another man, Badan Singh. As the others fled to the exits, Bela Singh kept firing, wounding five of them.

When the police arrived and rushed up the temple steps they were stopped at the door by a Sikh attendant who told them to remove their shoes before entering in accordance with Sikh custom. They hushed him aside and went in still shod.

The scene of violence was now to shift to the courthouse where, in late October, Ram Singh and Bela Singh were to stand trial for murder. Ram Singh was quickly acquitted for it was easily proven that Arjun Singh had been shot accidentally.

The trial of Bela Singh was to begin the next day, October 21, and his plea of self-defense was expected to rest largely on the testimony of William Hopkinson, an immigration officer, who would contend that Bela Singh's life had been constantly endangered.

Hopkinson, a thirty-seven year-old Yorkshireman, had been raised in India where he had become chief constable of the city of Lahore. He spoke fluent Hindustani and had been Inspector Reid's fingerprint and right hand man during the Komagata Maru incident. He had also investigated the Sikh community for alleged sedition. Bela Singh even considered that Hopkinson, disguised in an Indian drink glasses and false beard, had attended meetings in the Sikh temple. The Sikhs despised him, blaming his intrigues and his recruitment of informers for the dissension within their ranks.

Hopkinson was standing by a room door, waiting for it to be opened and for Bela Singh's trial to begin when Mewa Singh, a thirty-four year-old Sikh approached him, whipped out two revolvers, and fired five bullets into the Englishman's body. Hopkinson died instantly. A junior seized Mewa Singh.

Bela Singh's case was set aside while Mewa Singh was tried to trial in a hearing that lasted less than three hours. Nine days after he had shot Hopkinson, Mewa Singh was sentenced to hang.

"I am guilty," Mewa Singh told the court. "All this trouble and all this shooting, Mr. Reid and Mr. Hopkinson are responsible for and I shot Mr. Hopkinson out of honor to my fellow man and for my religion. I could not bear to see these troubles going on any longer."

The killings by Bela Singh had "destroyed the goodness" of the Sikh temple, he said. "Seeing this badness down there, the killing of innocent people has burned into my heart," he went on. Hopkinson had hounded him for months, he swore, trying to force him to become an informer and ordering him to give evidence in favor of Bela Singh or "You will go the same road as Bhag and Badan Singh." These were the men shot by Bela Singh.

The Sikh leader Sohan Lal was charged with inciting Mewa Singh to murder Hopkinson. "I wouldn't kill a little bird," Sohan Lal protested at his trial. "It is against my religion to kill any living thing." He was acquitted.

Early one cold wet morning in January 1915, five hundred Sikhs gathered outside the prison at New Westminster as Mewa Singh went to the gallows. A Sikh priest, standing by him and chanting hymns. The Sikhs claimed his body and led by men beating drums and clashing cymbals they marched slowly through New Westminster to nearby Fraser Mills where cremation was to take place. At the rear of the procession walked Mewa Singh's widow and his small son.

At his trial Bela Singh claimed that the two men he had killed had attacked him first. Bhag Singh with the temple's sacred sword and Badan Singh with a profane revolver. The jury failed to agree on a verdict. He was tried again and this time was acquitted. Later he returned to India.

The final chapter in the story of the Komagata Maru was recorded in a brief dispatch from India published in The Vancouver Province in May 1934: the murder of Bela Singh. His enemies, the report said, had "cut off his head, chopped off his legs and hacked off his arms." ★

For the sake of argument continued from page 10

The American woman had forgotten what laughter sounded like

couple. There were only a dozen passengers on this vessel and life on a working freighter is extremely simple. After three days the passengers knew all the officers and quite a few members of the crew. Now one day out of the Straits we were all friends.

The American woman said: "You know something. Until I got on board this ship I'd forgotten what real laughter sounds like."

Behind us the chief engineer, a rabid Canadian, was playing shuffle board on a rolling deck with an old lady of Devon for his partner and the captain and a sturdy Manchester lass for his opponents. Shuffleboard is nobody's idea of an exciting game, but if the ship rolls enough and the drink is inky enough it can at least be unpredictable. A great burst of laughter came from the Chief as an accidental shot knocked two counters off the numbers and placed itself into the lea. The captain grinned. The Manchester lass smiled all over her round face and the old lady from Devon looked mildly outraged.

"Who's winning here?" said the American husband of the lady.

"We don't know yet," said the Chief.

"So far as I can tell, nobody's winning," the captain said.

We turned back to watch the sea and the American woman said: "Look at them! Not one of them can afford a car. I've talked to them and I know their homes have none of our conveniences. But listen to them laugh!" Then she said something I thought rather profound: "How can we expect people to like us when it's so obvious that for all the things we've got we've forgotten how to enjoy ourselves?"

Each morning on that ship a steward brought me tea while I was still in bed. He was a monkey Mancunian with a shock of black hair, a brain fund of anecdotes and a merry expression all day long. The American woman, who had become obsessed with this spectacle of English cheerfulness, began to speculate about him.

"Maybe he's the wallaroo skin they've got over there? Or maybe he just doesn't know what the world's like!"

A few days later, talking with the steward, I learned that his knowledge of the Middle East was wide and detailed because he had served in the British Army during the years of trouble between the Zionists and the Arabs before the creation of the state of Israel. I also learned that he had been a paratrooper and was the sole survivor of a family of five brothers. His four older brothers had all been killed in a single week at Arnhem.

"The American lady would very much like to know why you're so cheerful," I said to him.

"Me cheerful?" he said in his Lancashire accent. "That's a new one. When I get in Manchester I'm going to be out of a job."

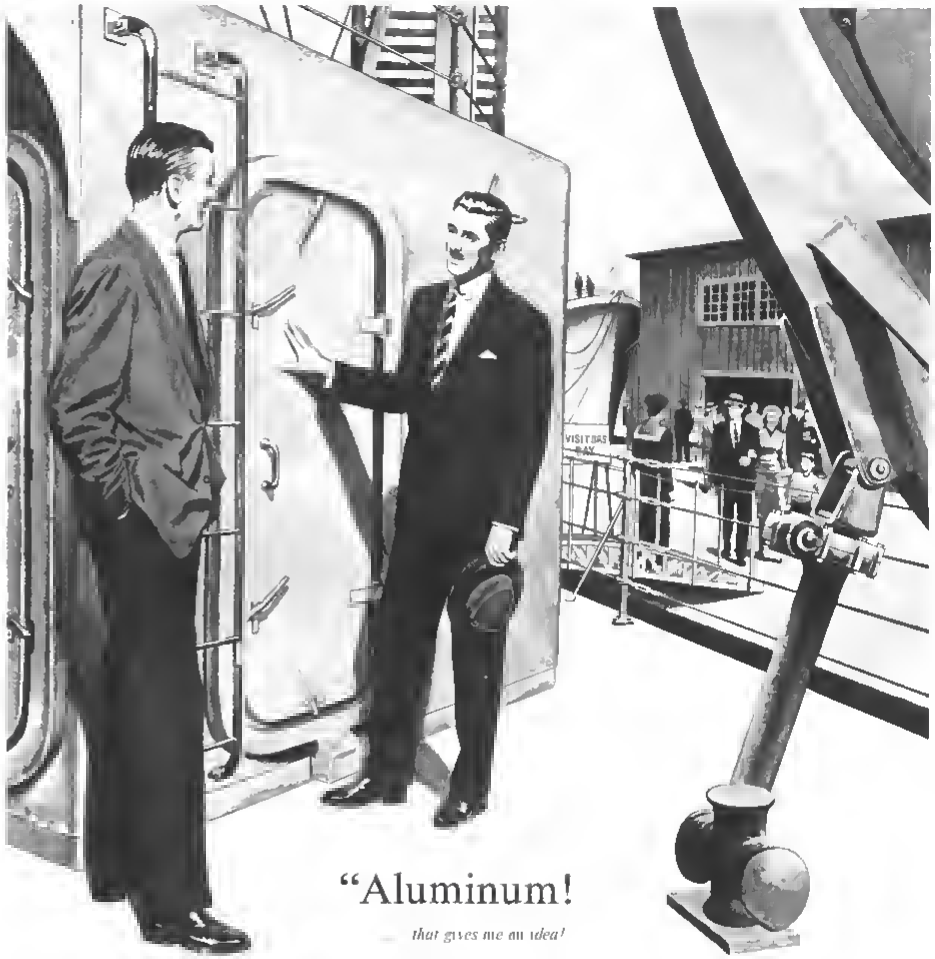
"Have you got another one lined up?"

"Not yet."

As I roamed through England and Scotland I realized that I was in the midst of something impossible to prove with facts and statistics and very difficult to describe. The human animal is so adaptable that he quickly accepts any manner whatever state of mind he finds himself in. If need be he can even persuade himself that a concentration camp is normal. A man can live an unsatisfactory life for years without being really aware of it, just as he can live an entirely satisfactory one without realizing his good fortune. Happiness and unhappiness, content and discontent are the products of two things: health and a state of mind. The latter, and sometimes the former, as well are to a considerable extent conditioned by the environment in which a person lives.

And it seemed to me so obvious that the British environment was more conducive to happiness than our own and much more than the American. I spent much of my time over there trying to discover why. I think I found a few answers.

The most obvious is that the British, along with the Scandinavians and quite



"Aluminum!

that gives me an idea!

LIGHTNESS STRENGTH NO CORROSION! That's a combination I need for MY business!"

Aluminum is showing up everywhere these days. The Navy, for example, chose it for the superstructures of their new destroyer escorts. Its lightness reduces topside weight, its corrosion resistance reduces maintenance. The ever widening use of this versatile metal has been made possible by the development of new alloys, improved fabricating and welding techniques, enumerate demand and ALCAN know how.

PERHAPS ALCAN ALUMINUM AND ALCAN KNOW HOW CAN HELP YOU IN YOUR BUSINESS

ALCAN are the people to see about everything concerning aluminum. They are leading in its development and set its standards of quality. ALCAN has over fifty years experience in aluminum and is the major source in Canada for sheet, wire, rod, bar, [illegible] castings and ingot.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.
An Affiliate of United Co[illegible]

Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Windsor, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver

ALCAN

CHANEL

Meet the hostess!

In our part of suburban there's a get together somewhere almost every week. Tonight it's my turn, and I'm featuring mountains of bite size sandwiches and ice box cookies. Plus several bottles of Canadian 74 Port.

Now there's the simplest, most pleasant, hospitality drink I know of. It's the kind of rich full bodied wine that appeals to everybody. I know 74 Port will be just the right note.

Bright's Wines
proud Canadian since 1874

The most helpful hostess handbook I have is "Bright & Cherry Recipes". Write Bright's Wines, Lachine, Que. for your free copy.

n few other European groups are in better physical condition than we are. I don't mean that they are more immune from disease or that their death rate is lower. I mean merely that their muscles and internal organs are toned up with daily exercises as ours seldom are. While I was motoring through the Highlands I passed dozens of men and women of all ages hiking along in the rain carrying heavy rucksacks and for a while I used to stop and ask if I could give them a lift. They all refused and one young woman said firmly that if she had wished to drive in a car she would have come in a car. While in London I walked an average of ten miles a day first because the bus strike made it necessary but afterwards because I enjoyed it. Everyone walks in England and everyone who gets into the habit of walking enjoys it. On three naturity weekends I walked respectively twelve, nine and fourteen miles with my hosts who walk like this every week, and when they escape from London. We would set out in mid morning and walk to lunch in a pub. There reinforced by a pint of bitter we would walk in the afternoon and get home in time for tea. We felt wonderful!

In North America the activity of walking has practically disappeared and this is certainly one of the many casualties of the famous standard of living which is turning us into a race of consumers. On this continent you may walk in the mountains if you like it but in the country it is almost impossible to walk. There are not enough walkers to beat down paths through the woods and across the fields and if you try walking along one of our highways you will probably be killed by an automobile.

The second reason why the English are happier is a mental one. They are less afraid. I don't mean they are any braver than people on this continent but it is pretty obvious that anxiety is some thing they consciously try to avoid. For this state of mind there are several discernible causes.

One is certainly the British experience during the last war. In 1940 the whole nation consciously faced extinction. It looked death in the face and stared it down. During the war a shared danger gave to all people in the British Isles a feeling of common humanity they never had before. And the loss of their empire combined with the loss of a much of their wealth relieved them of two enormous breeders of anxiety.

The modern Englishman rarely identifies his sense of his personal value with his material possessions. With his children yes but not with the kind of house he lives in or the kind of car he drives. He is almost as snobbish as he ever was he is still a gamesman he can still be exasperating but with the loss of so many of his material possessions he has become much less of a materialist than he used to be. Not poverty stricken—he is not poverty stricken—but a loss of excessive wealth is certainly one of the things which has contributed to England's post war happiness.

A Scotsman manufacturer admitted to me that in the 1930s almost everyone he knew was miserable at the thought of what the coming war was going to cost him. Even if Britain survived the war large personal fortunes would not survive it. The pound would decline investments would be taxed to a minimum security would be considered. All these things happened but life and freedom survived and we remembered for the old anxiety of morning lost. The man with little to lose is invariably happier than the man with much to lose.

Still another reason for the more tranquil atmosphere of modern Britain is the behaviour of the British press, magazines and advertisers. I would be the last to argue that the average British newspaper is better than ours on this continent. The average British newspaper—the kind the masses read—is so trivial that there are only two newspapers in the whole of Canada that can be compared with it. The popular British press is in the entertainment business and deals almost exclusively with private scandals, gossip about the Royal Family and prominent persons and very often gets itself slapped with a heavy libel suit for inventing a scandal out of whole cloth.

But at least the popular British press is not a salesman of fear as the American press largely is. Serious papers in the United Kingdom have small circulations and by our standards are dull. Frequently their dullness is simply the result of their honesty. These editors

THE PROFESSIONS 15

The Town-Planner

Here is a blueprint for a town
With subdivisions neatly ordered
Homing projects all laid down
The streets correctly maple-bordered

This will be a model city
Not a vice or sin to it
And it does seem such a pity
People won't fit into it

Mavor Moore

know they are writing for a small public which is fairly well informed about national and international affairs and will not be amused if they pretend that the latest slaughter uttered by a politician has any real importance. Papers like The Times are not crisis-conscious unless the crisis is a real one. The day I left England I saw in The Times the headline Mr. Macmillan's Reply to Mr. Khrushchev. On my return to Canada I found an old paper which was the identical story with the identical words Macmillan had used. But the headline in the Canadian paper was Macmillan Hurls Challenge at Khrushchev.

The situation in advertising is almost, I not quite similar. British advertising is beginning to look more like American than it ever did in the sense that sex and pretty girls have now invaded the advertising market. But the American appeal to fear—buy this car or you'll lose your wife, use this toothpaste or you'll get pyorrhea — is almost totally lacking. The most famous of all British ads is still the simple injunction, Guinness Is Good For You.

One afternoon at the end of my stay in England I was spending a weekend on the Solent and my host was speaking of his son who at that moment was in

IMPERIAL HELPS YOU FEEL SECURE WHEN THEY FLY

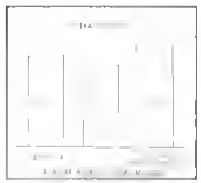
For as long as Canadians have flown, Imperial's leadership in aviation fuels and lubricants has helped make flying safer, surer

Canada's earliest airmen depended on Imperial aviation products, in war and in peace. Imperial gasoline powered Canada's first air mail flight, in 1918.

As more modern planes flew, Imperial research provided them with the new fuels they needed. For many years, Imperial was the only Canadian manufacturer of aviation alkylate, an essential ingredient of aviation gasoline.

The special skills and technical knowledge acquired over the years make Imperial today the nation's major supplier of aviation fuels.

These skills and experience pay dividends to the motorist today when premium grades of gasoline are approaching top aviation octane standards.



Ohio's [illegible] approach in [illegible]

ESSO IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

IMPERIAL OIL . . . FOR 78 YEARS A LEADER IN CANADA'S GROWTH

Serve 'White Horse' . . .
it gives you the special
flavor and extra smoothness
of Scotland's best whiskies
Every drop is distilled, blended
and bottled in Scotland—for
your enjoyment.

WHITE HORSE

SCOTCH WHISKY

Available in various bottle sizes

Cyprus doing his army service. Clearly he was concerned about his son, but I had been with him for twenty-four hours before I even guessed that he was.

"It's a thoroughly nasty business," he said. "And God only knows how it can be settled."

"Do you think it can ever be settled?" I asked him.

"Frankly I don't." Then he gave me one of those shrewd looks of which Englishmen of his class and education are such masters. "Very few things in life *can* be settled—don't you think that's so? I think perhaps one of the reasons why the Americans are so upset is their feeling that if you don't settle things you're a failure. They're up against insoluble situations for the first time and they blame themselves because they're failing and that becomes intolerable to them so they transfer all the blame on the Communists. God knows the Russians aren't making things easier, but life was difficult before them, you know."

"The last time you were in the States, was the Americans' attitude unhappy to you?"

"I wouldn't care to answer that, but I do know this. After I'd been in the States for a fortnight I was worrying about all sorts of things I never worry about here. An American said to me I'd been living in a fool's paradise. I felt like saying to him—I didn't, of course—that it's probably better to live in a fool's paradise than in a fool's hell."

Rams on a grim shelter

He asked me if I'd care for a spot of gardening, and for the next two hours we weeded. We replaced our tools in the shed and sat down feeling we had earned our beer. Then suddenly I saw right in front of me—it had been there all along and its duplicate was in every English garden I had seen — the too perfect symbol of the very phenomenon I had been admiring.

My host's tool shed was an old air-raid shelter built in 1939, and in addition to holding his rakes and shovels and hoes and fertilizers, it was also covered with roses. Pense roses — the Peace climbs in England—tumbling over the grim brick of an air-raid shelter.

"Yes," I murmured, "a fool's paradise this may be, but I like it."

But I also noted another aspect to this symbol: the shelter was still there, along with thousands of others in modern England. The British are fully aware that the time may come when they will need them again. They are just as conscious of the possibilities of a nuclear war as anyone else. But to live with the knowledge of an unpleasant possibility does not necessarily commit you to live in constant fear of it. If you know something why endlessly remind yourself of it? Especially when you also know there is little you can do about it.

A few days later I was in an aircraft homeward bound and the stewardess brought me the magazines. Almost instantly I had the feeling that I was leaving a peaceful land and returning to a continent in a state of war. One United States magazine confronted me with the grim face of an American admiral, another with a general even grimmer. We Are In Mortal Danger was the message for the week, and another noted general had written another article to prove it. I turned to a two-day-old copy of a New York paper and the Alsops were still at it. Bastions were falling all around the free world. Every day we became weaker while every day Russia became stronger. Time was running out. Though it is self-evident that if ICBMs are used all life on this planet will be [illegible] because we haven't enough of them. So it went, the familiar self-contradictory refrain of the cold war.

Yes indeed, I thought as I put the papers and magazines down, indeed we are in danger. I am in danger right now. If this plane blows up—and why shouldn't it? — what chance have I of surviving? If I keep on smoking cigarettes, what is the percentage increase of my getting what still another magazine, with undoubted accuracy, assures me I have a one-in-ten chance of getting?

The plane soared steadily through the fog toward Keflavik, just down in the rain and took on a few more passengers. One of these was an unconscious man on a stretcher, an elderly New Yorker who had worked hard all his life, had lived under strain all his life as his wife's face, despite her grief and anxiety, clearly showed. He had striven and laboured—she told me so—all his life in order that the day might come when he would feel sufficiently secure to be able to afford to enjoy living. That day had come two months ago, and this hard-working, honest and absolutely decent couple had bought tickets for a world's cruise. Their first port of call, apparently, had been Reykjavik, and there the poor man had been stricken with a coronary.

Life was always dangerous, and though now it is longer than it used to be, it is still brief. Is it necessary so to long for an unreal security, so to strive to [illegible] to prevent unforeseeable catastrophes that we stain that gift of life with this constant dye of fear and anxiety? ★

In fire engines, instant starts and dependable power are vital! No wonder this big Mack 'pumper' is equipped with full-firing Champions

Q. Why do all the major fire engine makers use Champion spark plugs?

A. Champions give full-firing power. Put new Champions in your car every 10,000 miles. You'll get an *immediate* boost in horsepower...and save gasoline, too!

World's favorite spark plug—engineered for every car built by Ford, General Motors, Chrysler, American Motors, Studebaker-Packard and every major foreign maker

CHAMPION

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Looking up to better things!

Happy you! You're the kind of girl who won't settle for sameness. You try whatever's new and wonderful—new lines, new shapes, new colors—smart new ways of living. Like so many of today's smart young moderns, you choose the nicest in sanitary protection, too . . . Tampax internal sanitary protection! Because it's invisible and unfelt when in place. Because it's so dainty to use, to change and dispose of. Because you never have odor worries or carrying problems. Because with Tampax, you can all but forget about differences in days of the month! Who *wouldn't* use Tampax, you say! It's the *modern* way! Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies, wherever drug products are sold. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario

Montmorency Falls: despite their beauty, the laced wire fence reminded the Johnstones (right) of a concentration camp. They left

Holiday weekend in Quebec City continued from page 29

"French Canadians will shame you with their familiarity with English"

be promised. When I got back to the hotel Elizabeth was sleeping as innocently as a lamb. I had no remorse.

Saturday was a hectic day. It began at a quarter to seven in the morning when the telephone splintered into action. I groped back to consciousness to hear Montreal photographer Basil Zarov chirping cheerfully in my ear. He had arrived on the overnight train and was eager to start taking the pictures that accompany this story. I mumbled something about having coffee in the room later, and tried to crawl back under the sheets. But I was rooted out of there by a roused wife who had slept well and who was anxious to be on the move. She barked commands into the phone and then vanished into the bathroom in my morning gown, leaving me draped in a sheet to face the waiter who arrived promptly with tomato juice and coffee for three. Then the towering Zarov barged in and the room began to overflow.

We decided that the best idea was to consult the Quebec government tourist bureau, which was just across the street. There we met Miss Suzanne Lamire who, like everyone else we met in Quebec City, was most courteous and helpful. And by the way, you don't have to worry if you are not adept in French. French Canadians appreciate the effort if you try a few words; then they will shame you with their easy familiarity with English—those whom you are likely to meet as a visitor. Miss Lamire piled us with maps, brochures, timetables, planned walking tours, guidebooks, hotel and motel statistics, and the news that the changing of the guard at the Citadel took place at ten in the morning. It was now nine thirty.

We had arranged with Roger Lemelin to drop out Saturday morning to his summer cottage at Cap Rouge, eight miles upstream on the north shore of the St. Lawrence. We wanted to try out his fancy new swimming pool, but Elizabeth had no bathing suit. "A legitimate expense," claimed Zarov, so we went shopping at Holt Renfrew, where Elizabeth found a bargain bathing suit at $9.75. She offered a flat five dollars but the offer was rejected with hauteur. Zarov loaded up with films, and I bought two rolls for my Polaroid camera.

Then we rushed up the hill to the entrance to the Citadel for the changing of the guard. There we found what seemed to be about a thousand other tourists lined up to purchase admission tickets at fifty cents each. Inside the gate the parade ground was almost completely surrounded by spectators as the soldiers of the Royal 22nd Regiment, in scarlet uniforms and black bushes, went through their drill. It presented a colorful spectacle and still cameras and cinecameras buzzed all around us like locusts. I operated the Polaroid with startling results. But I missed the high point of the show when the regimental goat, a handsome creature with gilded flaring horns, made its graceful bow to the colors.

Waiting to snap FDR

Inevitably I remembered the last time I had been at the Citadel. It was during the second Quebec Conference in 1944. Roosevelt and Churchill and their staffs had agreed to pictures near the parapet. The photographers — there must have been twenty of them—were waiting. Then as Roosevelt was wheeled out in his chair for the picture, one of his private bodyguards came over to the photographers and said: "If one of you guys shoots a picture before the president is ready, I'll heave you right over that wall!" The wall was the parapet with a sheer drop of three hundred feet to the St. Lawrence below. Nobody took a picture prematurely.

Today it was different. Everybody was taking pictures, and nobody minded. The parade ground stretched out flat and green and the encircling walls of the Citadel shut off everything from view except the inevitable peak of the Chateau Frontenac which at that precise time was belching forth dirty black smoke to pollute the atmosphere. But it could not destroy the holiday mood of the crowd who enjoyed the show immensely. We left before the general ceremonies missing on the sound business sense of the Canadian army which collects fifty cents a head for something they give away free at Buckingham Palace.

Next stop was Roger Lemelin's cottage on Cap Rouge, boasting a magnificent view of the St. Lawrence for miles upstream. He wasn't there but we changed to swim-suits and I tried out the diving board with near fatal results as two hundred pounds of well-rounded bone, sinew and muscle repeatedly threatened to splash all the water from the pool. Elizabeth applauded from a safe distance. Then Roger returned from a shopping trip with his family. He served drinks on the terrace by the pool and we went on our way refreshed.

For anyone who has only three days to spend in Quebec City and who loves to eat—a fact which, sadly, my figure cannot deny—there is an embarrassment of riches to choose from. There's the Fleur de Lys, run by a couple of cheerful and knowledgeable Swiss, where I once had a fabulous meal and drank a bell bottle of Napoleon brandy. There's the Vendome considered by many experts as one of the three best eating places in the city. There's the Auberge de Paris, warmly recommended by gourmet Lemelin. the Continental where I once had a fabulous buffalo steak, the Georges V, where we dined so well the night before the Camus, where you eat expensively but—I'm told—sensationally, and then there's the old reliable Kerhulu, which has been an outstanding restaurant in Quebec City for decades. And since the Kerhulu, on City Hall

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3 gifts only $5.00

Each additional gift above three only $1.65

2 gifts only $4.00 — 1 gift only $3.00

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Jasper's showing you the best way to a Happy Christmas for yourself and all your friends. To give the most pleasure to everyone on your gift list GIVE MACLEAN'S.

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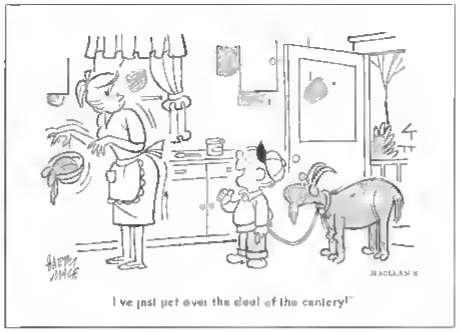


"I've just put over the deal of the century!"

Sainte, was in the shopping district Elizabeth wanted to eat there.

We sat at the Kalbab, *Aux d'Iberia* consommé. Elizabeth had half a lobster and I had sautéed veal in curry with a white flag Chateauneuf and then cognac. Suzette, which prepared at the table fascinated Elizabeth. While just at maître d'hôtel Marc Comeau, who is celebrated for his recipes, sizzling wine through the ritual. Elizabeth jotted down his recipe, which sounded simple, but was very tricky in the execution. Afterwards we walked through the shopping district but saw nothing beyond obvious souvenirs that we would not find at home. Elizabeth bought some mocassins and we terminal in the hotel where we had coffee in the penthouse and went through all the brochures to map out the rest of our weekend.

Quebec City reminds quite simply of the walled old city, Upper town, which stretches west to east in the suburb of Sillery and Lowertown, which sweeps around the old city below the ramparts and then spreads westward parallel with Upper town but on the lower level. At one time the elite lived in Lowertown but today they live in Upper town on streets like the Avenue des Braves or in the swank suburb of Sillery. Lowertown is given over to commercial development and the homes of working people with a fringe of factories. Within the present century Quebec City was not even more important seaport than it is now and shipping played an important part in its economic life along with the building. Today the largest employer of labor is Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper and commerce trade with the modern port of Quebec province plays the most vital role in the city's economic life. The city proper has a population of some 170,000 people but serves an area with close to 300,000 people. Since it is the provincial capital, everything civil servants are important too in the city's economic life and the present government of Premier Duplessis enterprises are eminent reference culturally as well as economically to the city. At one time Quebec City was the chief centre of those manufacturing if not in all Canada entirely in Quebec province, and there are still twelve major textile manufacturers in the city. But even this is a waning industry as labor unions have become better organized, the low wages of the district which attracted industry to the past no longer does so. Perhaps the chief recent achievement industrially was the conversion of a giant government arsenal plant at St. Malo into smaller units for individual entrepreneurs.

Quebec's tremendous proportion of churches, sixty of them in a city of less than a quarter million, reflects the important role the clergy plays in the city. Quebec people are far more religious than Montrealers, for instance. Laval University is operated and staffed by the ninety-six nine most French Canadian institution. The black robed figures you pass on every street help give the walled city its medieval quality and church bells are heard at all hours.

A visitor to Quebec City is well advised to romantic, but attention on the walled city, and this is what we decided to do Saturday afternoon.

De Plaine d'Armes in front of the Chateau was thronged with the victoria and caleche drivers. The victoria drivers — there are the four wheelers — wanted six dollars for a tour of Upper town, eleven dollars for both levels. The two wheeled caleches charged eight dollars an hour, with a morning commutary thrown in. We talked to Nicholas Pinsonnet, a medical student who drove a caleche hauled by a handsome white nag called Romeo. He said that three years lecturer minimum and fifty five lent wheelers in Quebec City. That it was the only city with authentic caleches operating, and that they were all over eighty years old and came originally from Normandy. Nicholas added that when he took over his caleche driver he didn't know the route, but Romeo had been in it for fifteen years and took him around safely.

We left Place d'Armes and hurried towards the old Laval University. Soon a multi million dollar project will move most of the facilities of Laval to the suburbs, a giant university town development. That seems a pity for Laval is surely a great part of the personality of the old city and the separation is bound to be painful to both sides. The Laval students must go under at $2.50 a hour and sleeped in the residence of the city and levied if they make extra cash commissioners. As a matter of fact any Laval student and any Laval element will act as a guide then if you give him a tip. We had the good fortune to remember Dr. William Le Blond pathologist at the Hopital de l'Enfant Jésus and he offered to take us through Laval. He pointed out that anyone could walk through it, the doors were always open. In wintertime tramps came in off the streets to warm themselves and nobody bothered them. The walls of the halls were covered with pieces of the street Quebec. He took us down through the basement corridors with their concrete walls and masonry dating back to 1639 and pointed out how the walls facing the prevailing north-east weather were all wood covered to protect the stone. He loved the place with a reverence that we found most moving and his enthusiasm was contagious. And when we met his son, twenty year-old Jean Le Blond, we found the same affection and enthusiasm toward the old city and its institutions. Young Jean had just graduated from Laval and planned a trip to Europe travelling on his motor scooter. He told us that during the summer when a two-week celebration was staged in the old city to commemorate the 350th anniversary of the founding of Quebec, he had organized street dancing, and girl students had sold flowers in the street all in festive mood. He took us to a little student club on the Champlain Stairs midway between Upper town and Lower town and directly under the Chateau. They called it the night 12-26 for the door was at the twelfth step from the top of the stairs, and twenty six students had banded together to form it. They planned to have pocket theatre on weekends in the room which was about sixteen feet square, on other evenings they would have songs and recite verse, and they would serve coffee and cakes. They didn't believe in the existentialism that is fashionable in Paris, not the Beat Generation and their problems. They were glad to be alive and living in Quebec. Jean said "Our city is not the biggest of the eastern cities in America but it is the most charming." I found myself wishing with a strange nostalgia that I was twenty again and living in Quebec City.

We left the young students and their clubs, wishing them luck and promising to drop in for a performance whenever we came back to Quebec City and went on down to Lowertown. There we discovered *Rue Sous le Cap*, said to be the narrow est street in North America and youngsters swarmed around us singing and performing acrobatics for pennies. The ten-year-old leader of the band companionably offered me a Maurice nightcap from a nearby fall park, but I told him I never smoked filters. I was willing to admit that the street was just about the narrowest end cobbledest and most neckeyest I had ever seen.

We wandered on through Lowertown, toward the river and the ferry for Levis. Elizabeth found an antique shop where she rummaged and we saw Quebec's oldest church, Notre Dame des Victoires which was built in 1688 and given its present name after a storm dispersed the fleet of Admiral Walker in 1711, forcing him to lift the siege of Quebec.

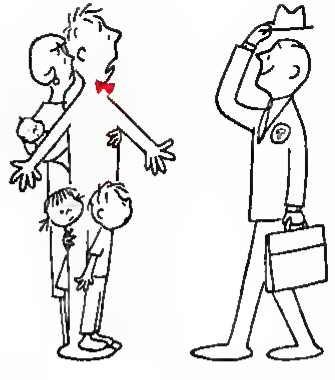
We regained Upper town and Dufferin Terrace in front of the Chateau. From

Who is it?

There's a fixed name for his home town and some confusion about his name too. Turn to page 78 to find out who he grew up to be.

1

A dynasty of Taylors—that's what young Bob vowed he'd found
He took a spouse and built a house with lot wreathed around
Before five years had passed him by, his children numbered three
And only then I struck Bob. Ouch! "This all depends on *me!*"

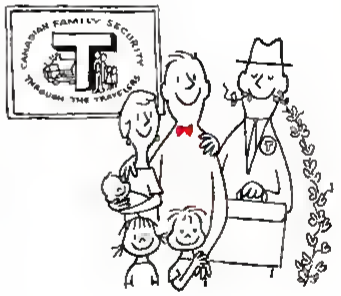


2

"My lovely wife, my clubs, all this life were lovely charmed
Would time to turn (when would they go?) if suddenly I perished!"
A damage suit, this tribute, they'd bring to evil days
Please, Travelers man, design a plan to safeguard *all* always."

3.

"Why that we can," said Travelers man, "now first let's scrutinize
Your worldly goods, your income, figure out where perils lies.
And then we'll build for you a special balanced Traveler's plan
To cover life and home and car—to guard the Taylor clan."



4

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tenac by mann [illegible] vaint and neri [illegible] ed for a drink [illegible] rolled [illegible] Gouvernement [illegible] hon cale at Mont Carmel This is one part of the old city where nothing still lives [illegible] the trendy encroachment of tourist rooms Here we met a lawyer André Deechene and he was kind enough to take us in his home on Ste Geneviève Street where we met his wife and went through his antique house in rooms out the back and find ourselves facing an enormous but secluded garden He didn't hobble out with the [illegible] kind of enthusi[illegible] Dr Jr Blond he [illegible] in all [illegible] in the city and that most [illegible] people [illegible] Montreal where they found a [illegible] but then infants [illegible] he would live anywhere else than in this old walled city of Quebec When can you get a view like that? [illegible] he added

And where else can you shoot ducks swim in the skin ski in fish from all within minutes [illegible] your home

We talked about the political [illegible] one Quebecois [illegible] and became that once [illegible] organized it Quebec [illegible] province that still remains an Upper House but Deechene pointed out that the old order was passing fast. At one time minusters appeared at functions in stripped trousers and cutaways now only a big funeral brings out morning coats. Important people don't enter provincial politics any more. he said "and all the old formality has disappeared" He agreed that the parliamentary dining room serves some of the best meals to be had in the country and the Garrison Club where women are barred and dominoes is the [illegible] pastime is still pretty a[illegible] A last stronghold he summed up

Leaving the Deechenes in their two private last strongholds we decided to run the Plains of Abraham. Called locally the *Parc des Champs de Bataille* the park is maintained by the federal government, and a good job they have made of it The park stretches the full length of the city separating it from and overlooking the St Lawrence right from the Citadel in the east to Sillery in the west No hot-dog stands no Coca-Cola signs, nothing but flower beds and grass with benches scattered plentifully around and couples picnicking on the grass

There is a provincial museum in the park and two miniature roads run its entire length but the great rolling plain is otherwise untouched and it is not hard to visualize that epic morning of September 13 1759 when Wolfe crushed Montcalm to hand in the bay cove below the heights push his way up a built gauntlet path and catch Montcalm from the rear with most of the French deployed toward Montmorency expecting landing from that direction I fantasized into what I flattered myself was a fresh rendition of Parkman's stirring account of the battle when Elizabeth brought me up short with "Now many soldiers were involved?" I paused and pointed out the inspiring view of the St Lawrence with Quebec Bridge in the distance cargo vessels bound spritely for Montreal passing these ocean bound and the busy Levis ferry bustling across in an erratic circuit Then I suggested that we go back to the hotel and change for dinner Nothing more was said about the Battle of the Plains of Abraham Then I looked up Parkman and found he was [illegible] vague I was [illegible] estimated [illegible] on each side to be about roughly the same between three and four thousand men

That night we went to the Petite St Jean for dinner and our little plan was completely [illegible] Each [illegible] Rue Jeanne and [illegible] Elizabeth finally seized her [illegible] chicken gallantly and kissed it [illegible] the tips of the [illegible] with [illegible] Alice the club I suggested a walk on Dufferin Terrace that with [illegible] overlooking the [illegible] where [illegible] Quebec [illegible] found himself in [illegible] flirtation

We had heard that there was a [illegible] dancing in the hotel [illegible] walk but learned that the [illegible] had for the season Then we still [illegible] walking in [illegible] together the [illegible] of the lights of [illegible]

in and we sat on a bench and chatted and felt very young again suddenly

But it didn't last My feet began to ache We went into the Chateau Frontenac to the newsstand where I bought a thriller and we were in bed by midnight.

Seven o'clock brought our usual Spartan breakfast of tomato juice and coffee Then we set out to do the environs of Quebec City first taking the precaution to check out so that we would not be caught with the bill for another night's lodging My hands were running low and I knew that I mommy had to be the watchword today

The area around Quebec City can compete with the city itself for interest to the visitor First of all there is Ste Anne de Beaupré with its celebrated shrine and record for miraculous cures Then there is the Ile d'Orleans strangely cut off from the rest of the world in its atmosphere despite the web like and beautiful bridge that now binds it to the north shore mainland There is the Quebec Zoo prominently featured in the tourist literature and lovely Lake Beauport with its mushrooming posh resorts. First stop was Ste Anne de Beaupré

Although we set out around nine o'clock Sunday morning for Ste Anne the road along the northern shore line going east was already thick with cars of pilgrims We passed dozens of motels glamorously displaying signs $2 90 and even $2 00 It looked like a tough season for the motels Yet the route was busy several motels offered swimming in [illegible] pools and we passed a huge round building spouting the label Christmas in obvious competition with the gaudy Cyclorama of Jerusalem that greeted us in Ste Anne de Beaupre

When we got to Ste Anne we found the sides of the main highway lined with parked cars and huge parking lots already overflowing There was a curious air half carnival and half reverent about the place Natives of the province outnumbered Americans and other tourists at least twenty to one the tourists like myself were conspicuous for their informal clothes among a crowd where men wore dark suits stiff collars and dull ties and the women all with children wore hats coverings and the little girls wore charming flower bedecked bonnets. And everybody ate *patates frites* and drank orange and grape drinks The basilica an imposing structure housing the shrine of Ste Anne dominates the village and serves there seemed to be continuous bustle in the basilica itself and the crypt below A voice over an outside loudspeaker kept up a running commentary on developments inside now and then interspersing greetings to people like Mr and Mrs Joe Barbieri and party from St Hyacinthe or Georges Gagnon and party from Petite Riviere We went into the basilica It was jam packed We wormed our way to the shrine of Ste Anne with its collection of crutches and intriguing cuckoo clock humanity and then we went back out the great vaulted entrance There seemed to be a steady procession of people like ourselves making their way to the shrine and out again Then we climbed the hill to the Grotto of the Agony and the Holy Stairs all filled with kneeling and praying people We went up a winding asphalt path that led past life like figures in bronze depicting the Fourteen Stations of the Cross in Christ's passage to Calvary Everywhere we noted the crumps on of pious festivity We bought a Torontonian program of Ste Anne de Beaupre and found it consisted of unusual photos of a bygone day a history of the village and its religious relics and pages of advertisements The program of events celebrating the Tercentenial began in April and ends in December

By noon we were ready to leave Ste Anne de Beaupre and we untangled our car from the parking maze and headed back for the Ile d'Orleans

The bridge crossing to the Ile d'Orleans leaves the mainland just at Montmorency Falls which Quebecers proudly point out is twice the height of Niagara However newlyweds from Quebec still go to Niagara Falls on their honeymoon and I don't blame them Whoever is re[illegible] ble for prescribing [illegible] to the public must be [illegible] king for the opposition A long and strong wire fence effectively prevents anything closer than a long range view and this is obtained through the laced wires of the fence It seemed a bit like looking through the wires of a concentration camp and we did not linger

But the Ile d'Orleans was another story It seemed that almost as soon as we crossed the bridge we felt we were in another gentler land where nothing changes and life goes on at a quiet pace The place is countryside nothing down its green fields to the St Lawrence is dotted with old style French-Canadian houses with their sweeping roofs and box like dormers and even new buildings are in the same style The road meandering westward toward Quebec City in the distance and then following the chain line sweeps around in a gentle curve twinkling and threads through semblent villages to the eastern end of the island and then completes its circle at the bridge again It is a good three hour drive but it is one you will not want to hurry We even stop-

Mmmm! So light! [illegible]

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Answer to

Who is it? [illegible]

[illegible] Martin Dale Full [illegible] Kamloops [illegible] given name [illegible] nickname

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November issue

Canadian homes and Gardens

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[illegible] I romped around in a field of [illegible] Elizabeth—not I—paddled in a little brook that ran down past one of those lovely old stone houses. Yan wanted to know what all the hurry was about. We stopped at St Jean and for an afternoon snack had a bowl lunch washed down with several bottles of beer. We learned later that there is only one good restaurant on the island at St Pierreville and we had guessed that at the beginning of our visit. But the lunch failed to spoil the trip. Elizabeth even talked long enough to deal a death blow to my capital with the purchase of a beautiful hand woven rug. We seven dollars at the hand craft shop outside St Jean. Only the strike kept us my eye dropped her from buying a fifteen-dollar rug.

We had hoped with the idea of stopping at the Bistogne a superior hotel on the road to Lake Beauport but the financial situation now called for economical news. There was another line on our at the Manoir St Castin Lake Beauport and the manager was the friend of Jean's of mine. So we set out for Lake Beauport and the zoo which is on the way. One look at the little jaunt and the zoo sent us promptly on to Lake Beauport. There St Castin's manager Frank Gardiner offered us a warm welcome and the freedom of the place. Elizabeth and I decided to risk our necks on a pontoon-like contraption on the waters of the lake. Operated by a twin set of pedals it was like riding a lawn chair on wheels and I got pretty good at it until Elizabeth claimed she was getting seasick with my manoeuvres. So we went ashore and fed the ducks.

We had an excellent dinner of hot [illegible] dinner cream of chicken soup, Coq au Vin mark, with burgundy wine and Cherries Jubilee. Great black cherries were flambéed in sugar and kirsch by maitre d'hotel Jean Halle and then served over vanilla ice cream with a raspberry coulis. They were sensational.

We were having coffee and cognac in the lounge, watching television when a heavy thunderstorm struck and Ed Sullivan fought a losing battle with the weather which suddenly cleared up as the program ended. So we set off home back through Quebec City now shiny and fresh smelling after the rain, with the street lights gleaming on the pavements and statues and little traffic to show up. We wound our way through Lower town up past city hall and skirted the parliament buildings, black in silhouette, as we reached Grande Allée. We passed the comfortable little hotel which had sheltered us during our stay and then joined the lines of scattered traffic heading for Quebec Bridge and Highway 9.

But even as we travelled our minutes kept pace with us, the white goat with golden horns at the Citadel, the sailors on Rue Sainte Anne, the peaceful Plains of Abraham with parachutes overlooking ocean steamers, the vaulted rotundas of Laval, the rolling fields of Orléans, the reverent holidayers at Ste Anne, the cloistered garden on Ste Geneviève Street, the bustling Levis ferry and then the longest lasting memory of all, the eager young student in the navy brassy club on Champlain Mains. "We really must go back and see how they are doing," one day Elizabeth said. I really loved those kids. I agreed. And that we should in a few days. ★

Expense account: Quebec City weekend

Friday evening	
Tip to bellboy	2 00
Dinner at Georges Vanier [illegible] cigarettes, cigar, tip	3 80
Drinks at Porte St. Jean	7 00
	$24 80
Saturday	
Breakfast in room and tip	1 85
Bathing suit	9 75
Film for camera	2 80
Tickets to changing of the guard at Citadel	1 00
Lunch at Kotabiju apéritif, wine, tip	11 70
Coffee at Chateau Frontenac, pastries, tip	75
Shopping, coasters	3 00
Dispensed in perfumeries Sous le Cap	10
Drinks at Jardin du Gouverneur, tip	7 90
Dinner at Porte St Jean, drinks, tip	14 50
Detective story to read in bed	25
	$53 60
Sunday	
Breakfast in room and tip	1 85
Hotel bill	22 00
Tips at hotel	4 00
Potatoes, fruits, orangeade at Ste Anne de Beaupré	1 80
Contribution for program	1 00
Beer at Ile d'Orléans	4 00
Lunch at Ile d'Orléans	4 00
Cat toy bought at Ile d'Orléans	7 00
Dinner Manoir St Castin	15 00
Pop, chocolate bars on way home	50
	$60 85
Monday morning	
Lost through hole in trouser pocket	75
	75
Total expenditure	$140 00

Expropriation, the fear and the facts

Continued from page 23

wish before acting must get the consent of a government or federal government department.

Ruth E. Eaton of Ottawa, one of Canada's leading legal experts on expropriation, says that the minister responsible for taking the property is deemed by the law to be acting in the public interest and that his judgment in this regard is not open to review by the courts.

When a property is expropriated the owner's title vanishes and any lease held by a tenant is cancelled. The only right remaining to owners and tenants is the right of compensation for loss and disturbance. Owners and tenants may refuse the amount of compensation offered by the expropriating authority, but in such case the police, when laying hold of newly acquired land, some owners of expropriated land have tried to prevent the occupation or development by brandishing firearms in the faces of officials or by lying down in the path of advancing construction equipment. A few years ago in Ottawa a nagged junk dealer clung to his expropriated lot beyond the time given him to quit. He watched helplessly as bulldozers shovelled his junk and published stock in trade. About the same time, in the same city, a woman who had refused to vacate her expropriated house [illegible] carried out of it by police in the rocking chair in which she had strapped herself.

State owned and more land is required for ministerial projects, incidents of the kind are rare, and the public sympathy engendered for the dispossessed owners by newspaper reports is a gain in political capital for them. Premier Pierre Elliott Trudeau voiced the anxiety of many politicians in office when he said a few weeks ago to a group of provincial and private [illegible] Around these public and building expropriations is bound to shift, said.

So many different authorities are expropriating property under so many different statutes that the Dominion Expropriation Statutes has not yet devised an accurate means of counting the cases. An index to the rising incidence of expropriation is visible in figures of the Ontario Department of Highways. In 1947 the department expropriated a thousand properties. Last year it expropriated six thousand. In 1954 when it was accumulating land for its new Point-Ontario 401 Highway the department expropriated twenty-one thousand buildings.

An appraiser who appears regularly in courts as an expert witness on the value of real estate guesses that government

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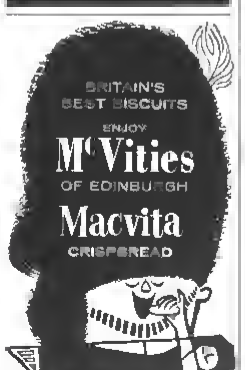

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departments and utility companies are now expropriating between one hundred thousand and two hundred thousand private properties every year.

While these figures hint at an end to the days of private landholding the overwhelming majority of proprietors bow to the underlying principle of expropriation and accept the compensation offered silently or grudgingly.

Out of fifty three hundred properties expropriated in the past two years by Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Ltd.—for its twenty-three hundred mile right of way from Alberta to Montreal—the owners of only fifty have appealed against the amount of compensation awarded. Of two hundred eastern Ontario properties expropriated this year by the St. Lawrence Seaway Authority the owners of fewer than a dozen have disputed the fairness of the compensation.

Minister General H. A. Young, deputy minister of the Department of Public Works, which is responsible for expropriating three quarters of the lands required by the federal government, estimates that only one percent of the disentitled owners involved go in court over compensation.

The amount of compensation awarded even after appeal is rarely sensationally high or low. It is about the fair market price, says Toronto's J. J. Stewart, one of Canada's foremost appraisers. Stewart adds: Many people used to think that landowners made killings out of property bought by public authorities for big construction projects. Expropriation has exploded that myth. In fact expropriation has saved the taxpayer and the consumer countless millions.

Time stands in support of Stewart's estimate. While expropriation on a massive scale is a characteristic of modern development, the practice is more than a hundred years old. Expropriation has been employed by all British Commonwealth countries, by the United States and by some other nations which espouse English Common Law ever since the middle of the last century, when civilized communities everywhere began to acknowledge the advantages of drains.

From the moment English town councils acquired the right to run a public sewer *under* instead of around John Bull's cabbage patch, expropriation laws have proliferated. In Canada, where ten provincial governments pass different acts, the statutes have intertwined and burgeoned into an enormous Gordian knot so unwieldy that the Canadian Bar Association has appointed a special committee to draw up and promote simplified and unified legislation.

In Ontario alone there are eighteen statutes authorizing expropriation. The most widely used are the provincial government's Municipal Act, School Administration Act, Public Parks Act, Public Utilities Act and Highway Improvement Act. Under these town councils expropriate for municipal buildings and housing developments, school boards and parks boards expropriate for educational and recreational institutions, public utility companies expropriate for plants and rights of way, and highway authorities expropriate for widening old roads or laying new ones.

The nine other provinces have comparable acts.

In the federal field such government bodies as the department of public works, department of transport and department of national defence expropriate land for post offices, airports, military camps and other nationally owned institutions under the authority of the federal Expropriation Act.

Some utility companies expropriate under federal acts devised for their special requirements. These include the Canadian Broadcasting Act, the National Harbors Board Act, the Northwest Territories Power Commission Act, the Railway Act, the Federal District Commission Act, the St. Lawrence Seaway Authority Act and the Pipe Lines Act.

When the federal Department of Public Works wishes to take a citizen's land under the terms of the Expropriation Act it deposits into the keeping of the appropriate county registrar of deeds a plan and detailed description of the property. Forthwith title to that property is vested in the department. There is no requirement, says Keith E. Eating, "for prior negotiation of purchase, nor for any notice to the owner of the expropriation."

Theoretically therefore the owner could at the moment of expropriation be fixing the roof or mowing the lawn in total ignorance of the fact that during the twinkling of an eye these possessions had slipped from his grasp and that his role of proprietor had been transformed into that of trespasser. In practice however the department informs the owner of the expropriation. After the plan has been deposited and expropriation is an accomplished fact, agents of the depart-

CANADIANECDOTE

Sam Greer's shotgun stand against the CPR

[illegible] the CPR, the sheriff and a [illegible] lusty Sam Greer

Vancouver's largest public beach, Kitsilano, was once the scene of a battle for possession that would have made Gilbert and Sullivan proud.

In 1884 Sam Greer, a likable lusty Irishman, acquired 320 acres of lovely forest and scenic shoreland, not realizing—or perhaps not caring—that his homestead was CPR property on which crown rights had been forbidden since 1882, when the railway had decided on Vancouver as its western terminal.

Two years later the family's idyll at Greer Beach—later renamed Kitsilano after an Indian chief—was threatened when the CPR served notice that it wanted the property back. At first rare independence flew hotly between the government, the CPR and the Greers. Then the battle was on. The railroad laid ties during the day—Sam ripped them up at night. They dug post holes for telegraph lines and Sam filled them in, regardless of whether the diggers were in the holes or not. The CPR finally issued an ultimatum: "Get out or we'll send the sheriff to evict you." Sam ignored it.

On Sept. 26, 1891, Sheriff T. J. Armstrong of New Westminster with aides and railroad officials advanced on the Greers. The sheriff suggested pleasantly that Sam, behind his barricaded door, come out for a little talk. The reply was a thunderous blast of buckshot through the door. Sam always maintained the gun discharged accidentally when he reached for it on the wall, however it happened it was fortunate for Sam that the thickness of the door saved the sheriff and a nearby aide from death. The two wounded men were taken away and rain forecentents came. They finally flushed Sam out.

But even with Sam removed the authorities had trouble trying to oust Mrs. Greer and her menage. Barking a bovine as fast as possible inward the house, they persistently loaded all the Greers possessions through the front of the car to find that Mrs. Greer was just as persistently unloading them through the back. When they set fire to the house Mrs. Greer still refused to leave until the poor bedeviled posse recovered her chickens from the woods and milked the cow.

In a way Sam had the last word. His three year penitentiary sentence was reduced to a few months as a result of a petition for leniency arranged by his friends and supporters, whose sympathy had been aroused by the front page treatment of Sam's stand.

—LOIS LIGHT

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... ment try to make a deal with the owner on price. If the owner holds out for more than the department's limit — which is based on the valuations of three independent appraisers — he is informed that he will have to submit his case to a judge of the Exchequer Court, a federal bench that deals exclusively with civil claims made by or against the crown. The department then pays the amount of its top offer into the Exchequer Court where it is held for the owner at five percent interest pending final settlement of the price dispute.

The matter of the property and the matter of the compensation are now two separate issues.

The property already belongs in the eyes of the law to the department, which is usually anxious to start construction work. So the department applies to a judge of the Exchequer Court for a warrant for possession. When the department is making this application the former owner is given a chance to appear in court and fend off expropriation by proving that the department is acting illegally or that its officers took his land by unlawful procedures. If the owner fails to invalidate the expropriation on these grounds the judge of the Exchequer Court gives him a reasonable time to vacate the property and presents the department with a warrant to take possession when that time expires.

Later, usually long after his old property is built upon by the department, the former owner may go to the Exchequer Court again to plead for additional compensation. He may support his case with the evidence of appraisers who disagree with those employed by the department.

After listening to the arguments of the appraisers the judge is guided by a principle laid down in 1949 by the Supreme Court of Canada — the principle that the compensation due is the value of the property to the owner *and not to the taker* at the moment of expropriation. To explain: up to the moment of expropriation a man's home may be worth ten thousand dollars. At the moment of expropriation it may be worth ten million dollars because that is what it would cost to dig around it a gentle curve in a seaway or subway. But the owner gets the ten thousand.

The prickly "value to owner" principle is sometimes challenged. Before the courts today are proceedings instituted some years ago by Alistair Fraser, then lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia. At the time Fraser owned Cape Porcupine, a rocky hill overlooking the Strait of Canso. To the casual observer it had little save scenic value.

Then the Department of Public Works expropriated the hill and used the rock as fill for the Canso Causeway. Rock brought from elsewhere might have cost up to five million dollars, but Fraser, under the value-to-owner principle, was allowed only fifty-five hundred dollars. Fraser is appealing against the award and claiming one million dollars on the grounds that if the hill had not been expropriated by the public works department its rock would have been purchased from him in the normal way by the CNR and some other companies.

Whether the value-to-owner principle will be overthrown remains to be seen. Meanwhile, in setting compensation the Exchequer Court judge includes the owner's moving expenses. In the case of a business he adds a sum to cover the loss of profits sustained by the owner during a reasonable period of search for alternate premises. On top of the compensation he adds ten percent of the total as a sop for pain of disturbance, though this is not required by law.

If the total compensation considered adequate by the judge exceeds the compensation offered originally the judge usually awards the legal costs of the case to the owner. When the judge awards less compensation than that originally offered he usually orders the owner to pay his own costs.

In such circumstances speculators are sometimes caught out. These are the people who, on hearing a rumor that a property is to be expropriated, buy it and in anticipation of hefty compensation pay more than the real value. To their chagrin they find the compensation is often less than they paid. W. H. Cherry, chief of the lands division of the Department of Public Works, says, "We don't care what a man has paid for a property. We only offer him a fair price." And in awarding compensation judges observe the same principle.

J. J. Stewart, the appraiser, quotes cases in which the avarice of individual owners ends in a salutary retribution. "When a small business is expropriated," he says, "the owner often compiles a statement of the big profits he's been making in order to get the highest compensation possible. Then he suddenly is overwhelmed by the afterthought that if he reveals those profits in open court he will be pounced upon by the income-tax authorities whom he has been bilking for years. Thus to save himself from jail he has to take less compensation than the amount to which he is really entitled."

There are other odd angles to the question of compensation. If a man loses only part of his land by expropriation he is entitled to extra compensation for any loss in value sustained by the remainder.

This precedent was established in Nova Scotia in 1922 by the case of the Sisters of Charity of Rockingham. The sisters operated a girls' boarding school on land that ran down to the sea in Bedford Basin near Halifax. The beach part of their land was expropriated under the Railway Act by the Halifax and Southwestern Railway Company and turned into a shunting yard. While the court

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The days that are no more

A seven-page album of the unique photographs of Montreal's pioneer photographer William Notman will be published in the next issue of Maclean's. They depict the Canada of spinning wheels, outdoor ovens, hand looms and the days of sail.

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"When land is needed for urgent works the principle is: take first and argue about price later"

remained unconcerned about the ruin of the bathing parties it awarded the owners ten thousand dollars extra compensation because the remaining half of their property now overlooked a more ugly scene.

Under a theme known as "injurious affection" the judge also can protect from speculators whose property stands next to new expropriated properties. The precedent was set in 1917 by the case of a downtown Toronto draper named [illegible] Brown. The Toronto City Council excavated the sidewalk in front of Brown's store and sank into the cavity a public lavatory. Brown sued on the grounds that the lavatory was an offense and therefore a detriment to his custom.

The judge declared that the lavatory was a boon, for it stood at a street intersection and was used gratefully by the populace. His Lordship allowed, however, that the In and Out stairs on the sidewalk, each covered by a pitched canopy, constituted an obstruction offending particularly the staff and customers of Brown's. On these grounds he granted Brown ten thousand dollars for injurious affection.

While the principles governing compensation are the same under all expropriation statutes, the methods of expropriation vary slightly.

When a railroad company wishes to expropriate rights of way under the Railway Act or a pipe-line company seeks to expropriate rights-of-way under the Pipe Lines Act it must first get permission from the Board of Transport Commissioners, a division of the federal Department of Transport. The owner is given an opportunity to protest against expropriation to the Board of Transport Commissioners but unless he can prove unusual hardship his case is forlorn. On receipt of the board's permission to expropriate the companies concerned are empowered to lay down their right of way without the owner's consent and later settle.

If they cannot reach an agreement with the owner on the amount of compensation these companies must put up the sum fixed by a judge of a superior court of the province plus six months' interest on that sum. The amount is held in the province's treasury pending arbitration proceedings before a county court judge or superior court judge who may increase or decrease the award.

Pipeline companies usually take only a right-of-way across an owner's property and when the trench is filled in they allow the owner to use the land for all normal purposes. It may, for example, be cultivated. But no permanent buildings may be erected on it nor may it be crossed by heavy vehicles.

Pipeline companies, utilities, railways and government departments buy land in the normal way whenever possible. But when a large number of long contiguous properties are required for urgent works expropriation simplifies their task and they turn to the principle of "take first and argue about price later."

Obtaining land by conventional purchase can raise a host of snags which might hold up a project for years. In the encumbered titles of the Atlantic provinces and elsewhere in Canada [illegible] farmland. The buildings belong to one owner and the land to another and this calls for many separate negotiations.

In Ontario purchases are sometimes complicated by the dower rights of separated wives, who are entitled by law to one third of the value of all the real estate held by their husbands during the period in which they lived together.

Then there is the case common in every [illegible] where of tenants holding a long lease. They have to be compensated just as much as the owner, and in the case of storekeepers who have to move, sometimes more.

Another knotty problem involved in conventional purchase is a large number of heirs to an estate held in trust. Not long ago the Ontario Department of Highways, buying in the orthodox manner, had to negotiate separately with fourteen different heirs scattered between California and Scotland. All of them were reluctant to lose land in Canada.

Frequently expropriation laws give rise to anguish because they make no provision for values which are difficult to assess in terms of dollars and cents.

J. J. Stewart, the appraiser, cites the case of two elderly bachelor brothers at Windsor who struggled ten years to preserve their old family home from the encroachment of commerce. After recon

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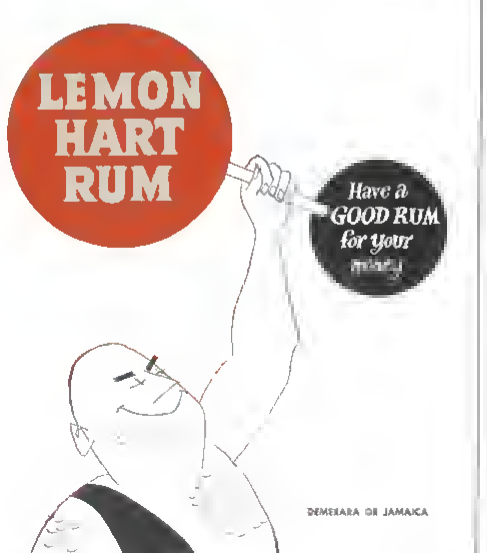

DEMERARA OR JAMAICA

ciling themselves to the changed character and rising taxes of the neighborhood they decided that the only way they could afford to go on living in the house they revered was by transforming the grounds into a car park. They did this, retired from their jobs and began supporting themselves on parking fees. A few months later the whole property was expropriated. Compensation failed to soften the blow. Within a few weeks, says Stewart, one of the brothers was dead and the other was in an institution. I have no doubt that this shattering of their last resort broke them physically and mentally.

W. H. Cherry, chief of the lands division of the Federal Department of Public Works, a man deeply engaged in expropriation proceedings, admits that his job is "sometimes most distressing." He recalls having to expropriate a few years ago the home of an elderly blind couple. The compensation was not their first thought. They protested against expropriation on the ground that they knew every inch of their home by touch. The prospects of having to move to a strange home and learn their way about all over again appalled them. But the government needed their property and they had to go.

Once Cherry's office was invaded by a woman who showed him arms covered with eczema, a condition her doctor ascribed to the shock of expropriation. His most ironic task was having to expropriate twice within two years property belonging to the same man.

Charles Robbins, director of reviews for the Ontario Department of Highways, can remember several occasions on which his crews have been brought to a temporary halt by the shotgun of dispossessed farmers. At Durham, Ontario, one of his crews once worked for two weeks in an expropriated meadow while the farmer who owned the east field sat on a fence with a 303 rifle and threatened to shoot the first man who put a toe over the property line.

Another row left on the firearms status that arise from expropriation was experienced by the late Fred Bronson when he was chairman of the Federal District Commission, a government agency charged with the task of beautifying Ottawa and its environs. A man who had lost his home and gardens to the commission's landscaping scheme threatened over the telephone to "bring a gun" down to Bronson's office. Bronson was relieved to learn that the man intended to shoot not Bronson but himself.

Since Bronson's death from natural causes, the Federal District Commission has been guilty of the biggest gaffe in the history of Canadian expropriation. A few years ago after a wave of dissatisfaction the former owner of an expropriated home in the new Gatineau Hills Park district the commission finally persuaded him to leave, by promising to let him keep the house and by undertaking to move it for him to another site. The commission then sent a house moving crew to do the job. Unfortunately the crew took a wrong trail in the Gatineau bush and moved the house of a couple who lived a quarter of a mile away.

Expropriators themselves often are charged with profiteering as a result of the custom of expropriating more land than is required. During the recent construction of the trans-provincial 401 Highway the Ontario Department of Highways found itself faced with the problem of cutting farms into two halves by expropriating only a strip of land wide enough for the right of way. This bisection would have rendered the land useless for farming because calls and barns would have become separated by a heavily used highway. To simplify proceedings the government expropriates whole farm properties. After the highway was built it was left with large tracts of nonwasted land. So it put the land up for public auction. By this time the highway had made that land desirable for building. In one case the department received thirty thousand dollars an acre for land which a year or so earlier had cost it by expropriation five hundred dollars an acre.

Recently the federal Department of Public Works found an oddity of Calgary property. Land it expropriated in 1904 for a proposed immigration building. The building was never erected and ever afterward the land lay idle. That land was again for fifty thousand dollars an acre. A few weeks ago it was sold for three times that amount.

Still another criticism aimed at the law of expropriation is the absence of a clause referring a warning of the owner. Through oversight or deliberate discourtesy many owners learn for the first time that their property has been expropriated when they see government or utility company officials wandering about the land.

Four years ago Walter Griffith, an executive of the Canadian Travelers Association walked out into the grounds of his country home at Klondike, Ontario, and saw a team of surveyors chopping down trees to get an impeded line of sight for their instrument. On questioning the team leader he discovered that a strip of his land had been expropriated for highway widening. The culturally responsible for administering the shock—the Ontario Department of Highways—says the surveyor was at fault in that he did not give Griffith before starting work the customary courtesy card which explains what's going on.

Major General H. A. Young, deputy minister of the Federal Department of Public Works, says "In the old days people often leaned for the first time that their property had been expropriated when they read about it in the newspapers. But nowadays we bend over backwards to keep the owners abreast of every move and we even advise them how best to act in their own legal interests."

That advice amounts to this: if your land is expropriated get a lawyer to tell you about your rights under the particular act, the government department or utility company is using. Get a qualified appraiser to value your holdings so that you'll be on firm ground in arguments over compensation. And get rid of all hope of keeping your property unless you can prove that the minister of the Crown who is responsible for taking it intend on carrying it up between himself and his staff. ★

In the next issue

Canada's renowned and glamorous

ROYAL WINTER FAIR

will be portrayed in drawings by
BRUCE JOHNSON
and in lively prose by
RICHARD O'HAGAN

Our airborne Maginot Line continued from page 19

"Could a war start just by mistake? Could a flock of geese send planes up to drop H-bombs?"

1. A triple chain of radar warning stations across Canada's north but extending far into both oceans.
2. Two thousand manned fighters some capable of twice the speed of sound.
3. About five thousand Bomarc guided missiles now in the course of deployment in both countries. Bilateral launching sites are now being made ready with more to come.
4. Sixty one anti-aircraft battalions of the U.S. Army armed with short range missiles. These battalions, as well as the seventy fighter squadrons of both countries are all under NORAD to which Canada shares the command and which controls altogether about two hundred thousand men.
5. SAC—the Strategic Air Command of the U.S. Air Force whose intercontinental bombers are the chief instrument of massive retaliation and therefore the main deterrent against a Soviet attack.
6. ICBM — the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile the military weapon of the future. It is still in the development stage but missile development has a higher priority than anything else in the U.S. military program. Like SAC it is a purely American affair and NORAD has nothing to do with it other than issue the warnings.
7. BMWS—for Ballistic Missile Warning Stations the first step in the anti-missile defense system which will be superimposed over the air defense we have now. It too is in the early development stage but contracts were let a year ago for the first three stations of superradars.

Many of the weapon systems in this array both manned and automatic, can detect a nuclear warhead.

And all of them like the electronic machines designed to alert them for and guide them to combat relate only to the threat from overhead—from the air or from outer space. This aerial menace is not the only threat that faces us some of the other will be dealt with in later articles. The air threat is in fact the simplest of them all—even though perhaps for that very reason it is the one on which most of North American military and air have been spent up to now. Most of the problems of air warfare even in the missile age, are soluble at least in theory. Most of its big questions have been answered in some fashion.

Some of the answers are military secrets. Others will have to be proved by the event and meanwhile are under hot debate among military experts. But some of the important ones are known and public enough to clear the ground and give us a fairly clear look at the plight we are in.

For example, Canadians often ask: Could a war be started just by mistake? If a DEW Line sentry in the Canadian Arctic sees a flock of geese on his radar screen and thinks they are Russian aircraft could he send off American SAC planes to drop a hydrogen bomb on Moscow?

The answer is no. The proof is the above-mentioned incident and many others like it that have taken place at NORAD headquarters. NORAD and SAC are accustomed to dealing with false alarms.

In that case a year ago the alarm lasted more than half an hour. SAC can get one third of its three thousand combat planes in the air armed and ready to fly to and drop bombs anywhere in the world within fifteen minutes. Nevertheless SAC bombers did not take off because there wasn't enough proof that the threat was real.

Other false alarms have looked equally convincing. Once an electronic storm gave a perfect imitation on the radar screen of a north-eastern Canada of an erratic headed course, heading toward the Niagara Peninsula at twice the speed of sound. But in the fifteen months since NORAD was set up only one such alert has led SAC to send its bombers aloft and that was done more for exercise than a genuine alarm. They were called back again within minutes. They could have gone for two or three hours and still have been recalled without danger to the peace.

Actually one of NORAD's problems not yet solved to anyone's satisfaction is the problem of identification—how to be sure that the oncoming object is an enemy aircraft or missile. Another is the mechanics of decision in spite of all the intergovernmental agreements. It is not yet absolutely clear how a decision to act can be taken fast enough for modern emergency and still jointly enough to satisfy old fashioned sovereignty. But at least it is clear and amply clear that SAC is not as trigger happy as some of its own publicity agents sometimes make it look.

On the other hand all observers agree that SAC could not be knocked out by a surprise blow not even the ICBM as it now exists. Obsessed with the memory of Pearl Harbor where the Japanese destroyed U.S. aircraft on the ground and warship in harbor the American armed forces are determined never again to be taken by surprise. SAC has seventy bases in five countries all the way from the western Pacific to North Africa and its combat readiness has to be seen to be believed.

On all the first things to strike the visitor's eye at SAC base is the fleet of blue and orange station wagons bearing the legend "Alert Crew." Outside every building on the base is a special section of the parking lot for these vehicles. They must be backed into their spaces (nobody else is allowed to back in) and left with front which turned toward the central town. For the seventy-two bears that a bomber crew is on "alert duty" is members three for the medium B-47 six for the intercontinental B-52) must not be separated for no

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The Maginot Line had everything for World War I. SAC has everything for World War II . . . One war late?

mission. They eat together but they play together. If one goes for a drink the others have to go with him.

At any moment they may be called in the runways where their bombers fill with fuel tanks and bomb bays full and a practice alert takes place almost every day. The first crew will be airborne in four minutes. The last in no more than fifteen. Each knows his target which might be a city or a military base anywhere in the world. Each is able to carry a thermonuclear thousand-pound bomb as much firepower as the total of all bombs dropped on Germany and Japan during World War II.

SAC is responsible to nobody but its own commanders, its own chief of staff and its commander-in-chief President Eisenhower. It is independent even of the rest of the U.S. Air Force. Its mission, any other command, SAC's own, has been its own foreign authority and its changing alliances. SAC's two leading stations in Newfoundland are not part of NORAD and the SAC base in Greenland are not part of NATO. When I talked to Canadians military men in Ottawa whether the Allies would have any part in a decision to send SAC away with its nuclear bomb loads, he implied.

We have to trust the good judgment of the president of the United States.

The last witness is a good many people as well I might. But perhaps often some are worried by the other type of question.

Can SAC get through to its targets if the need does arise for "massive retaliation"? These are no breathing manned bombers able to fly just below the speed of sound six hundred to six hundred and fifty miles an hour. Can such obsolescent craft still function at a time when supersonic missiles have already been flown on both sides of the Iron Curtain?

Some experts say no. They can't. General James Gavin, former U.S. army chief of research and development, who resigned in order to speak his mind freely, says in his book: "The manned bomber's date of obsolescence has already arrived." He admits that we could not afford to ignore the bomber. Almost certainly, but he obviously thinks it is a negligible bath to us and to the Russians. In his view the dominant military thinkers in Washington have been getting ready for the last war instead of the next one—or perhaps for a war in between the two that never took place.

Looking at SAC headquarters near Omaha, Nebraska, the ignorant civilian is inclined to agree with Gavin because the place reminds him of the Maginot Line. This is not as much of a sneer as it may sound. The Maginot Line, if it had been completed, all the way to the coast, had the solution to every problem of trench warfare, and some of its solutions were very ingenious. It had everything. In 1939 that it held commanders could have wished in 1918. SAC in its turn fulfills every dream of Bomber Command 1945.

From its control room forty five feet below ground five digits on a bright red telephone will come any SAC base in the world. Doors more than a foot thick, weighing two and a half tons, can be shut off a blasted and radioactive outer world if need be. Thirty days rations are stored for the thousand odd men and dozen women (the exact number is secret) who would staff SAC headquarters in wartime. They also have their own bomb proof water supply and air filtration and clean of radioactive dust.

Perch twenty one feet high on the long wall of the big room gives the commander the information he needs at a glance—the disposition of forces the world anywhere in the world the enemy's order of battle as far as Intelligence knows it. Closed-circuit color TV shows him anything that may directly bear him and connects him with the vanity bunker of SAC and with the Pentagon Building in Washington.

Right in front of where the visitor sits is a mammoth panel set forth SAC's own war plans. If "the day" ever comes that curtain will be drawn and as the impressed briefing tells the visitor in solemn tones "the war will be fought from this room." Anything a manned bomber can do could be ordered from here.

And what can a manned bomber do on the threshold of the age of missiles?

The underwater menace

Actually it can still do things that no other weapon can or can do. The fact is not disputed even by the most advanced of the missile men. An aggressive air problem will be to knock out the enemy's bases and so destroy his power in retaliation. Otherwise the actual deed would be minimal. The manned bomber is the only weapon carried that is inexpensive enough for this important task. Not for some years will the ballistic missile be capable of parking off all the SAC bases around the world from any of which a massive retaliation could be launched.

This cold comfort also applies to the other new threat, the missile launching submarine. It's perfectly true that one of Khrushchev's five hundred submarines could fire a missile from mid Atlantic that would wipe out Washington or New York or Montreal. If we never got into a full scale nuclear war this will probably happen at some stage and there is nothing (yet) that we can do to prevent it. But no such attack could succeed as an opening knockout blow because it could not destroy our power to retaliate. SAC would still be there ready with a counter blow at Moscow.

As for General Gavin's belief that the manned bomber cannot penetrate a modern defensive ground to air nuclear missile the spokesman of the air forces says he is wrong. There is Canada's military advisers are less than those of the United States but even SAC can still reach any target in the world—not *all* targets at once because they know SAC losses would be heavy but enough targets to make it no longer a "deterrent" as ever.

Even if Russian air defenses are twice as good as now, said one RCAF officer of high rank, "I'm sure that SAC would still get through."

An defenses twice as good as now would be very good indeed. NORAD's array of devices to detect identify and intercept an airborne foe is quite impressive.

Canadians are familiar with the radar chain that stretches three deep across our own northland—the DEW (Distant Early Warning) Line along the Arctic coast, the Mid-Canada Line in the Canadian Shield, and the Pinetree Line of fighter guiding radars running from Griffin Island down through Quebec and Ontario and all the way west in British Columbia. We are less familiar with the rest of the North American warning system — the outposts at Greenland and the Azores, the picket ships and U.S. Navy planes that patrol both oceans, the three Texas Towers a hundred miles off the Atlantic Coast at intervals from Cape Cod to Florida. Nor do most of us realize that the Pinetree Line is just the top layer of a radar net that covers all North America from the settled parts of Canada to Mexico.

Thus is only one chink through which an air breathing bomber could penetrate today and that is near the ground. At two thousand feet or less, an attacker could slip between the radar beams and catch us unawares. That gap is now being plugged with auxiliary radars. Italy in Canada and over two hundred in the United States. When they are complete no airborne bomber, manned or unmanned, will be able to reach the inhabited parts of North America undetected.

Detection alone is not much help unless we can also meet and destroy the attacker. For this job subsonic fighters such as the Sabre and the CF-100 are no longer good enough. They fly no faster and no higher than the bombers they would have to intercept and their electronic gear is obsolete in these days of semi automatic combat.

The backbone of North American defense at the moment is the U.S. fighter F-102 that flew in last year. It is a delta wing. It does not carry nuclear weapons. For these we have, in wait for the F-164 an even faster aircraft (1,400 mph) that is just now coming into production. In about two more years the U.S. will also have the F-106 flying a much longer range at a much higher altitude—and still later the F-108 a very long range supersonic fighter that imposes anything now in production.

A modern fighter is more than an airplane. It is a weapon system. It is no more like the Spitfire of World War II not even the Sabre and CF-100 of day before yesterday than an automatic washing machine is like an old fashioned tub. It carries a great box of electronic wizardry by which the new fighter is controlled, directed and even fired from the ground. The pilot goes along as a kind of on the spot supervisor.

To calculate the course of a passenger invader and also the course of the fighters or missiles that are sent up to knock them down is now too big a job for human brains. Henceforth it will be done by an electronic calculating computer called SAGE (for Semi Automatic Ground Environment) which is capable of tracking and intercept as long hundred attackers at once.

North America has been divided into thirty SAGE sectors for which thirty computers are required. Canada would have either one or two of these computers, depending on what distribution is finally agreed upon. They would cost about a hundred million dollars each but the cost sharing of the whole SAGE program is a matter for negotiation between Ottawa and Washington.

SAGE controls not only fighters like the F-104 but also ground to air missiles. BOMARC, which Canada is now about to buy. Ottawa haven't announced how much we are spending on BOMARC but the whole BOMARC system for the continent will cost about six billion dollars by Washington estimates.

BOMARC is capable of carrying a nuclear warhead. So are the air to air rocket with which the new supersonic fighters are armed. This raises a new question: what good will it do to shoot down the invader if we have to do it with a cloud of poisons that poison the atmosphere? Won't we just be committing slow suicide instead of suffering quick murder?

Nobody can say for sure but the answer seems to be no. At least a definitive answer can be offered. Just lately five American volunteers stood directly underneath the explosion of an atomic bomb in a trench missile at the Nevada proving ground in Nevada. They wore no special clothing or other protection but they were unhurt and so far have suffered no after effects.

Strange as it may seem there is more danger of radioactive fallout if the invader is shot down by a nuclear weapon. The invading aircraft would be carrying a hydrogen bomb with medium

Will we be destroyed if we shoot down nuclear attackers? Apparently not if our weapon is also atomic. These U.S. volunteers stood directly below such a nuclear explosion. They used no protection but were unharmed, showed no after-effects.

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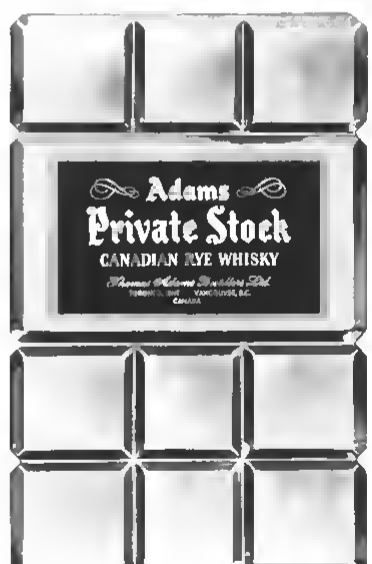
GUARANTEED 29 WHISKIES

Years ago Adams blended 29 great whiskies, each with its own distinctive characteristics, and then aged them in special oak casks. Now Adams has "married" these 29 rare whiskies to create the superb flavour of Adams Private Stock. This custom blend is presented in its crystal decanter at a popular price.



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Spread on, wipe off with no grease, grime or grease away. Omits sparkle! No scraping. No ammonia!
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tism set to explode it at a certain altitude say two thousand feet. If the bomber is merely supplied by a conventional weapon "shot down" in World War II style the firing mechanism would still be in tact and the hydrogen bomb would still go off — perhaps over Montreal or North Bay instead of New York. But if the bomber is itself destroyed by a nuclear explosion the bomb and its mechanism would be "cooled." Whatever remained of it would fall to earth inert.

All these defenses — nuclear and conventional weapons, manned fighters or ground-to-air missiles — are directed only against the airborne bomber. The BOMARC itself is a missile but it is not an anti-missile missile its target is the airbreathing bomber manned or remanned. Its range is about three hundred miles its altitude capability its speed about two and a half times the speed of sound. In effect the BOMARC is a fighter which is fully automatic instead of semi-automatic. It would be no use against a ballistic missile and neither would any other part of Canada's defense system as it now exists.

To meet the intercontinental ballistic missile we are already building an entirely new and additional defense system. Contracts were let eleven months ago for the first three stations of an early warning line which if it works perfectly should give us at least fifteen minutes notice that the ICBM is about to hit us.

This will be the Ballistic Missile Warning System — BMWS appropriately pronounced "BEMUSE." One station is being built in Alaska one at Thule in northern Greenland, one in Scotland. The radar beams here will have to be tremendously powerful. To generate enough electric power for the Thule beam eleven would take a hundred tank cars of fuel oil every week — which means, of course that nuclear fuel will have to be used instead at all three stations.

BEMUSE radars will have two beams to give two looks at an approaching object in space. Within the next five years it is expected that there will be anywhere up to fifty thousand objects floating around in orbit: scraps of old Sputniks and things like that... so BEMUSE will have to be able to distinguish between them. Computers will have to be made first to sort of the approaching object is a missile and second to determine where it is aimed. These nonpoliticians will have to be made in about six tenths of a second and relayed back to NORAD. Thus NORAD might have as much as fifteen minutes warning that a missile is headed for the North American heartland.

However BEMUSE will be only a warning line like the DEW and Mid-Canada lines. Behind it we shall need not one but two lines of "acquisition radars" whose job it will be to track the invading missile accurately and guide our anti-missile missile against it. This latter has yet to be developed but it will be some thing like the U.S. army's NIKE ZEUS a ground-to-outer space missile with a two-hundred-mile range. ZEUS is still in the design stage but might be ready for production in about seven years.

This new anti-missile defense system, according to estimates given to the U.S. Senate armed-services committee, will cost about two billion dollars a year to install and about the same amount to operate. This of course will be additional to existing costs of defense — the billions for BOMARC and SAGE, the billions for NORAD, the billions for SAC, the billions for naval patrol and research for a shield against the submarine not to mention the rapidly expanding bill on for development of intercontinental Atlas and Titan missiles and the intermediate range THOR on which we will have to depend in the meantime for offensive strength.

This colossal investment of money, man and brain power is wholly directed toward one kind of war — aerial attack and counterattack probably across the Arctic. The question that is put most insistently and most rudely by the critics of American strategy is "What happens if we have a different kind of war altogether? What happens if we are faced with a war on the ground and our own continent is never attacked at all?"

There is considerable evidence that this is exactly what the Russians have in mind rather than aerial assault of any kind. If so western forces are in rather poor shape to meet the threat. ★

Part two of Blair Fraser's report Where Do We Stand In Defense will appear in the next issue

Letter from Hong Kong continued from page 14

"Where a mere hollow in a wall becomes bedroom and living room"

short flight over the strait to Formosa.

But who can leave Hong Kong without a sigh of regret? The morning visit by of the streets, the sloping beauty of the hills, the splendid row blocks of flats which almost make one forget the ugly lightless slums where a mere hollow in a wall becomes a bedroom and living room in one the laughing children the brilliant shop windows the festivals of the streets and moonlight over the harbor.

What Chinese women do not know about the art of being feminine is almost nothing. Unlike the woman of the Occident they maintained the skill of miscalculation. Their collars of their dresses are up to their ears which gives a long graceful effect of dignity.

To compensate for this however they slit their skirts in a most alarming attitude.

Many of them wear high heeled Western shoes but for the most part they prefer sandals.

Thus with their high collars the grace of their movements the pleasant seat him if I am not out of my depth as a fashion commentator) there is a lovely air about a well dressed Chinese woman which is utterly modest and delightfully alluring.

Perhaps to fill in the time while our luggage is being transferred to the launch and we are saying our farewells it might be as well to explain that your London correspondent and his wife left England some time ago with the express purpose of going around the world. If memory lasts that long you may remember that in March I wrote of how Sir Lynn Ungoed-Thomas the shadow solicitor general of the Labor Party was going to Formosa with me as my parliamentary pair. At the last moment however the trip was cancelled he had to remain in London because of the political repercussions of the bus strikes.

But General Chiang Kai-shek's government renewed the invitation later on and suggested that my wife should take Sir Lynn's place. This met with high approval from the lady in question.

There is nothing mysterious or romantic about London airport. The planes looking like winged giants arrive from distant lands with as little fuss as if they had been no farther away than the Isle of Wight. The passengers looking either dazed and exhausted walk down the steps and become earth bound like the rest of us.

But it is different when you go aboard a plane for the first hop of a journey round the world. It is then that long ago Jules Verne within his famous novel

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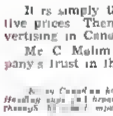
Is an Canadian home-loved who wants a comfortable home attractively furnished is a potential customer for Harding carpet installations. Reach as this wide range of prospects must effectively can only be done, we feel, through the impact offered by Canadian Magazines.

These fine appreciations show the various interests and talents of our readers as nearly as natural right on point. Living comfort for a most prosperously participant. Through our stamp we can tell — Danger-dealing color styling coupled with strong brand development.

Because magazines are usually looked at more than once, this Service the additional advantage of importing their value months several times — and to all members of a household.

For these reasons we have for the part 10 years devoted our major allotments to Canadian Magazines.



C. M. Harding

Canadian Magazines are playing an important role in the success stories of many of Canada's largest prestige-product advertisers.

Their growing circulation — an increase of 18% during the past four years — underlines the importance Canadians are attaching to Canadian Magazines as a source of buying information.

Canadian Magazines' ability to reach the markets where the greatest buying power is concentrated — those 3 out of 4 Canadian urban homes — is further evidence of their strength as an advertising medium.

When you plan your advertising it will pay you to consider the influence of Canadian Magazines on successful marketing.

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Yet I the West [illegible] seemed unusually anxious [illegible] a barrier we saw the [illegible]

The [illegible] and armed sentinel with [illegible] hung the harbor of Hong Kong. So strict was the curfew that any civilians were studied as if we might be hiding secret plans for a counter revolution. In fact next day at a great luncheon at Boston's beautiful home the guests included a young British Lord Norwich son of Lady Diana Duff Cooper (the infamous beauty of the Twenties). A few nights back Lord Norwich had failed to halt his car when challenged and as a memento there was a scar on his head from a sentry's bullet which just grazed him.

But how beautiful was the harbor as seen from the balcony outside our hotel suite. I was almost sorry to leave it when Boston's car called next morning to take us to the American endowed university. There, beyond the walls was a temple of learning set aside from the warring hatreds of revolution and rebellion.

The vice-president, a man of humor and dignity, took us around the stately grounds and in the course of our wandering he told us of a Nobel Prize winner who had visited the university and in the course of the day asked the vice president: "What do you do about intelligence?" The reply was: "We don't do anything. We just live together."

To set those words down in print does not give the depth of understanding that the voice conveyed. There was no agelessness and simplicity that touched both the mind and the spirit. Beyond those walls there had been violent death but within them the eternal truths prevailed, unmarked, unchanged.

As though it were part of the sardonic comedy my wife and I dined that night on the veranda of our hotel while a plan ist took us through a sad little repertoire. There were only five or six other guests and the waiters looked at the empty tables as if their world had disappeared beyond the horizon. The curfew was on and only the stray cats dared to disregard it.

At five o'clock in the morning we were called far by a secretary of my friend Bindner and driven to the airdrome where the secretary was duly checked for arms, whereas we attracted no interest at all.

As we entered the Britannia plane we were welcomed by a young Indian air hostess in gorgeous green sari—very calm and beautiful with a red spot, probably a caste mark, on her forehead. Her toenails and her fingernails were silver polished and her lips were duly carmined but she was a most efficient hostess and moved with smiling freely graceful ease that was quite irresistible.

England seemed farther away than ever. The Far East was calling and the great bird to which we were traveling had answered the call. The wonders and squalor of Kathmandu would be followed by the humid beauties of Bangkok, the setting of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. The King and I. ★

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TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES

The "royal family" of the Laurentians continued from page 20

"Swarms of Montreal flappers and their beaux came to Gray Rocks to see the movie stars"

cktail hour and the Lunenburg dinner. Tuckie's father, fifty two year old Henry Wheeler, who succeeded Tom at Gray Rocks, has boosted Laurentian winter sports by mushing to many victories a romantic form of Siberian racing sled dogs. In the early Thirties he was the leader of the Laurentian revolution that replaced snow shoeing with the immensely more popular and profitable sport of skiing.

Thus Tuckie, who was trained in skis from the age of two, became the living expression of the Wheeler family's determination to make the Laurentians the Switzerland of winter sports as the alpine resorts of Europe.

The Wheeler story began fifty-six years ago when Tuckie's grandparents, George and Lucille Wheeler, owners of a small St. Jovite logging business, faced bankruptcy after the destruction of their timber holdings by fire. After the fire Mrs. Wheeler started taking in paying guests. Among the earliest were the snow shoeing Les Touques Bleu. These athletic forestrette visited the Wheeler's winter after winter. By day they laughed at the handful of Norwegian and Finnish lumberjacks who whizzed down the slopes on homemade skis. By night, little thinking that their own sport would one day be eclipsed by that of the Scandinavians, they listened to Mrs. Wheeler playing popular airs on the piano and joined her in song. Mrs. Wheeler, who still smokes cigarettes and drinks the occasional glass of brandy, says: "We had some very jolly times. The snow shoers were very high spirited gentlemen."

Barrymore in the bush

Thriving on their high spirited guests, the Wheelers gave up logging in 1906 enlarged their home called it Gray Rocks Inn and became full time hoteliers. Until 1911 theirs was the only resort hotel in the Laurentians. After that imitators began to spring up all around them and today the family business has at least a hundred and fifty competitors.

Soon after World War One Tom Wheeler, the elder son, bought a biplane and flew guests up to Gray Rocks from Montreal. This widely reported novelty attracted a Hollywood movie company which wanted to make silent dramas of the north from the comfort of a well appointed hotel. So up with the camera crews came Lionel Barrymore to make Unseeing Eyes and Seena Owen and Conrad Nagel to make The Pagan. Lady Gray Rocks Inn did big business as swarms of well heeled Montreal flappers, and their coonskin coated beaux, anxious to brag of a vacation with the stars, booked rooms.

On the death of his father in 1926 Tom Wheeler took over the management of the hotel, improved the cuisine, introduced rich furnishings in a French-colonial motif, employed the kind of musicians who spark spontaneous dancing and staging and organized evening sleigh rides. To the hotel's existing attractions he added a golf course and riding stables. He encouraged guests to put drinks on their bills, reduced cash exchanges to a minimum and introduced the atmosphere of a country club.

In 1950 Tom handed the management of Gray Rocks over to Harry, both himself nearly a smaller more sumptuous hotel named the Club Lac Ouimet and pursued his expensive convivial and generous policy of hospitality on a lesser more informal but higher priced scale.

From the Club Lac Ouimet Tom Wheeler flies partice of wealthy sports men to one of his seven hunting and fishing camps in northern Quebec. In the fall for five days of goose hunting on James Bay with air transport, guides, ammunition, accommodation, food and all the liquor a guest requires he charges a flat five hundred dollars. The hunters have included Sherman Adams, the ex fortunate former assistant to President Eisenhower, Filgencio Batista, the ex battled president of Cuba, Lord Melchett a British industrialist and Baron Rothschild.

These are the Secrets of David Post
Known to his friends as a Wiser host

When mixing drinks, says David Post
I *always* use a *jigger*
It measures just the right amount
of treasured Wiser's liquor

Here's something else a host should know
(and this is good advice)
You'll never mix a perfect drink
unless you *clean* the ice..

Now one thing more before you pour
Be sure to *chill* the glasses
Mix just enough to serve one round
re-mix for second passes

And these are the whiskies, aged in wood
That taste the way good whisky should
So take the advice of David Post
Be known to *your* friends as a Wiser host

Wiser's
DELUXE and 101
CANADIAN WHISKIES SINCE 1857

WISER OLD FASHIONED
Into Old Fashioned glass, ½ lump sugar and 1 dash bitters. Muddle sugar and bitters. Add 1 cubes of ice, 1½ oz. Wiser's whisky (part of Deluxe part), slice of orange and maraschino cherry.

WISER WHISKY SOUR
Into shaker with cracked ice add juice of ½ lemon, ½ teaspoon powdered sugar and 1 oz. Wiser's whisky. Shake well and strain into whisky sour glass. Decorate with slice of orange and maraschino cherry.

WISER WHISKY COBBLER
In half a glass (tallest glass) of crushed ice add 1 teaspoon of powdered sugar and 2 oz. Wiser's whisky. Stir well and add slices of lemon & orange.

WISER RYE RICKEY
Juice of 1 lime in highball glass. Add 1 teaspoon of powdered sugar with cube of ice and 1 oz. Wiser's whisky. Stir well and add sparkling water.

As Scotland is to "Scotch"...

JAMAICA RUM* is to

If you want to pick the right drink first of all think the *right country*. In Jamaica, they ought to know about the making of fine rum for hundreds of years. Connoisseurs of rum all have their favourite brands—but most of them name from Jamaica.

Look for the word Jamaica on the bottle to be sure of a *superior* rum for your cocktails—*sellin'* and *swizzlin'*. Jamaica Rum is "BORN TO BLEND".

many types from

• VERY DARK to VERY LIGHT •

*ALL IMPORTED

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS ASS'N OF JAMAICA LTD.
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NOISY? TOILET

GET THE GENUINE WATER MASTER

America's Largest Selling TOILET TANK BALL

Noisy running toilets can waste over 1000 gallons of water a day. Stop this annoying and wasteful expense. The efficient patented Water-Master Tank Ball instantly stops the flow of water after each flushing. Then has flow everytime not just some of the time.

98¢ at hardware stores EVERYWHERE

Do FALSE TEETH Rock, Slide or Slip?

FASTEETH an improved powder to be sprinkled upon your plates. It holds false teeth firmly in place. Do not slide, slip or rock. No gummy, gooey taste or feel. FASTEETH is alkaline (not acid). Does not sour. Checks "plate odor". Avoid embarrassment. Get FASTEETH at any drug counter.

Let SANI-FLUSH clean your toilet bowl ... twice a week!

Easiest way ever to keep your toilet bowl immaculate

Fragrant Sani-Flush cleans deodorizes removes rust stains makes toilet bowl sparkle. Powder or liquid.

Approved Good Housekeeping

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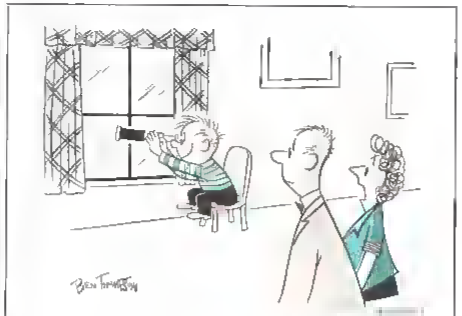

"I think he's beginning to notice girls"

chief of the Lufthansa booking office.

A brawny, gentle and genial man who wears sports shirts and Tyrolean hats, Tom looks ten years younger than his age. Tom works in an upstairs room in the Club Lac Ouimet. This is dominated by a huge polar bear rug and cluttered with Toby jugs, Hogarth prints, Eskimo carvings, mechanical singing birds, eighteenth century etchings, model ships in bottles, witch doctors' wands, Malayan daggers and many other curios.

Most of them were given to Tom by the far ranging pilots of Wheeler Airlines Ltd., a Montreal company employing two hundred and fifty airmen and ground staff. It is the business that grew from the single helicopter that Tom bought in 1921 to fly game officials to Gray Rocks. Today four engine Wheeler aircraft make twenty to fifty government charter flights annually across the Atlantic, fetch ragged darts to the Arctic, DEW Line sites, fly Canadian products in Africa and Asia and bring monkeys from India for the drug companies that manufacture Salk vaccine.

The dogs were heroes

Occupied though he is by these affairs, Tom relishes a week in the office block at the Dorval hangar of Wheeler Airlines Ltd. He gallops to conclude his business by telephone, speaking often to New Delhi, London, Cairo, Capetown or Athens, from his room at the Club Lac Ouimet or from the nearby private home he shares with his wife Ada and daughter Byrne. I guess my heart is still in Lac Ouimet, looking after Tom," he says.

Harry Wheeler is a slight, quiet introspective man. There his brother is older for looking after Tom's business in a highly organized style. He has introduced to Gray Rocks guests golf lessons in golf, including sailing, canoeing or taking as part of the hotel changes. And winter sports have always been his specialty.

In 1938 he gloomily the hotel's facilities for skating, bob sledding and snowshoeing, he bought a team of eight Siberian dogs from a Norwegian Alaskan named Innahard Seppala. Seppala and the dogs had made headlines all over the world in 1925 by making a heroic dash from Fairbanks to Nome in Alaska with serum for a diphtheria outbreak.

Installed at Gray Rocks the Siberians attracted many curious visitors. Harry had formed several teams which took the guests for rides. He kept for himself a racing team and each year entered events in The Pas, Ottawa, Val d'Or, Quebec City and in several New England and Canadian resorts.

During this early period he won an Olympic sled dog racing medal and he was twice the winner of the Quebec City contest, which was then regarded as the world championship in this half forgotten sport. A few weeks before his second victory at Quebec City Harry had been deprived of all his feet by frostbite during an overnight stranding in the bush on a hunting expedition. Deep in the bush, atop his chosen Siberians over the gruelling sack behind and city miles away in an strange speed of more than fifteen miles an hour.

In 1933 Harry Wheeler showed the Inglewood winter sports enthusiasts by Sakai Fifth Avenue at Madison Square Garden, New York. There he watched a German Ernst Wagner giving an exhibition of ski jumps on a barrel. This Nazi of skiing had risen popularity in the European Alps and already convinced him it was time for the Lufthansa in following suit. So he engaged Wagner to open a ski school at Gray Rocks. The good looking German broke many guests' hearts as well as some guests' limbs on the slopes behind Gray Rocks, but before he left to fight for Hitler in 1936 he had firmly established his sport on Canadian soil.

The new instructor, Herman Gadner, an Austrian mountaineer, Harry Wheeler to put the ski out of Lac Ouimet on skis at the age of two. Harry got his start to the ski by sending his mother the frozen lake with messages between his private home and the hotel. By the time Lac Ouimet was six Gadner had decided that he had the makings of a world champion skier. When Lucile was ten he entered her in a race at Mont Tremblant which attracted twenty-one of Canada's best women skiers. Lucile came in seventh. At twelve she won the Canadian junior championship. At fourteen she was a member of the Canadian team which competed in the International Ski Federation's world championships at Aspen, Colorado.

After Herman Gadner's death in an avalanche at Banff, Lucile was coached by Canadian born Johnny Filipp, Ernie McCulloch and Reni Chorath, the present head of the Gray Rocks ski school.

But to return to the story, says Chorath, a skier must have the stamina of competing against the great European racers. Skiing is an intimately personal sport in which the urge to outdo others is very strong.

Harry Wheeler shared Charette's sentiments. Of the six winters since 1952 Lucile has spent five in Kitzbühel, Austria, training for and competing in European events under the tutelage of Pepi Salvenmoser, one of the world's foremost cross-country skiers.

In Kitzbühel she trained for five hours daily and were out eight pairs of skis in a season. She shared a small apartment and did home cooking with Mimi Seguin, a friend from Quebec City. Every night she was in bed by ten o'clock, although Salvenmoser permitted her to attend an occasional flue-to-seam tea dance. When winter was over she returned to the Laurentians to ride, climb rocks and hike in spring, to swim, play tennis and golf in summer, and to hunt in the fall.

In 1953, after her first season with Salvenmoser, she returned to this tournament to become the champion woman skier of Canada. She took part in North American meets, but her goal remained the world title and for five seasons thereafter she worked toward it, doing rigorous exercises every morning, washing the dishes and pairs of her friends' and fighting what she calls "the boredom and sickness and trouble" of training.

For four days before the 1958 world championships at Bad Gastein, Lucile examined every inch of the course and with her trainer decided upon her line for the tortuous third section. Her friend, Mimi Seguin, stood for hours in the cold at various points on the course, watching Lucile fix out the line and falling for which looked the fastest. Lucile explains: "You can't always tell yourself which is the fastest line. You have to get somebody standing at different angles and different distances from you to watch and decide."

On the day of the race her nerves were so taut that twice my father almost lost her the victory. She had made her practice runs on an empty course. Now the way racing on a course jammed with spectators. At one of the control gates about a third of the way down the blue flag marking the turn was hard to see because of a crowd in the background.

"I went to footbs of a second," says Lucile, "and I have to begin my turn at exactly the right moment. I was moving at about sixty five miles an hour when I saw that crowd. I thought I was going straight into it. Having lost sight momentarily of the flag I hesitated. My turn was too late, and too wide, and I lost precious time. Worse, that I had kept worrying about it instead of concentrating on the turn ahead.

When she got into the final straight which is much less steep than the upper slopes, she began making her points to shove herself along and maximum speed. Unluckily they were not her regular poles. Although they were supposed to be identical with a pair she had lost in souvenir hunters the day before, she felt they felt a little short. She slips. In fact, I almost lost me, and had to make a grab for it.

At the second the finish line, she was in the three fastest unofficially, but the race and the win on the point of it. But when I heard I was the say, I knew it was all a crew of nerves in taking you by the up a tremendous amount of nervous tension. If I got too had you just your grab condition. I think now that at Bad Gastein I was slightly overtrained and beyond my peak. I can though I did win. When it was all over I didn't want to see a pair of skis again for a long time.

On her return to Canada, clutching a letter of congratulation from the Queen and the Fitzy Medal awarded by the Ski Club of Great Britain to the outstanding Commonwealth skier of the year, Lucile was given a civic reception in Montreal by Mayor Sarto Fournier. Crowds lined the streets as she drove to the Windsor Hotel in a car used by the Queen on the sovereign's last visit to Canada. Later as Lucile drove up to St. Jovite through the Laurentians the ski clubs of St. Sauveur, Ste. Adèle, Ste. Marguerite, Mont Gabriel, Val Morin, Val David, Ste. Agathe and St. Donat formed arches of poles and made her a Chevalière des Laurentides, a coveted skiing honor. The Hon. Gaspard Fauteux, former lieutenant governor of Quebec, presented the prize: a Medal of Achievement to her.

Lucile refused to accept a big convertible car bought for her by the villagers of St. Jovite, because this might have prejudiced her amateur status.

Far from going to her head the fanfare sobered her. At the St. Jovite Church Father Hector Deslauriers preached a sermon on her modesty. "I merely set out to prove," says Lucile, "that Canadians can now match any skiers in the world. Often I had done that. I was satisfied. I really don't like all this personal publicity and I'm seriously thinking of retiring."

Last summer hundreds of people booked rooms at Gray Rocks just to get a chance of talking to Lucile. But in August she disappeared. One visitor who was disappointed at missing her asked Jean Bedard, Harry Wheeler's right hand man.

"Where is Lucile?" Bedard replied. "In the Rockies." "What's she doing there?" asked the visitor. "Hunting grizzly bears," said Bedard. "What!" cried the guest. "A young girl hunting grizzlies?" "Yes," said Bedard. "You've got to remember she's a Wheeler and the Wheelers are kind of a kind of ... well I guess they're kind of glamorous." ★

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CHATELAINE

MACLEAN-HUNTER [illegible]

Parade

Straight steer

The new natural-gas field at Consort, Alta. has disrupted things for local farmers with pipelines being laid in all directions. It worked out all right for one rancher though when his seven hundred-pound steer broke out and took off across the prairie. The farmer going frantically after him on foot. The animal found his way blocked by a new pipeline ditch six feet deep and plunged in headlong. When the farmer puffed up and found the steer inside it, bewildered, he jumped into the ditch behind him and chased the beast unswervingly home along the ditch — which at that point obligingly surfaced right in the home pasture.

* * *

Halloween can be very disillusioning to children. For evidence we cite the experiences of some Ottawa youngsters who conceived the original and daring idea of pouring a can of red paint over the edge of the Laurier Ave. bridge onto a car speeding by to the darkness beneath. Minutes later they were seized by police who arrived in a two-tone cruiser—black with red streaks.

* * *

A Vancouver Parade scout reports watching a thrilling race the other day between a man running across a street to drop five cents in the meter while a traffic warden closed in on his car. He beat the cop to the car and didn't get a parking ticket but he did get a ticket for jaywalking in the middle of the block.

* * *

Somebody found a parcel of laundry in St. John's, Nfld. and turned it in at the police station. From the feel of the bundle it was obviously wet wash, so the

[illegible] hung it up in the station to dry while waiting for the owner to turn up and claim it.

* * *

After all the fuss about how long it took to get that printing bureau built in Ottawa we think it only fair to draw your attention to a speedier federal works project in Alberta involving the shift of an agricultural unit from Calgary to Edmonton. Seed office to be moved, headlined the Calgary Albertan on its front page and on its back page same edition, "Seed testing lab is moved."

Wonder what sort of parents would squeal on their own offspring under temptation like that offered in the Stoughfield, Sask. Outlook? "$10.00 reward will be paid on proof that the boys who broke

the branches while stealing crab apples from the — and — residences have been properly, efficiently and effectively paddled."

* * *

When residents of a badly cut up Hamilton, Ont. street petitioned to have it repaved they were dejected to be told by city hall that all works department money was already allocated for a two-year program and they'd have to wait for the next two-year plan. Then workmen suddenly appeared to begin tearing up and repaving their street and the petitioners broke into groans of self-congratulation. And *then* it turned out that the works crew had picked the wrong street—but the local residents were still beaming. It was the folks on a street a few blocks away that were mad—now *they'll* have to wait for two years.

* * *

We'd like to know whether this ad in the Calgary Herald lost-and-found column got results: "Lost—Blonde cocker spaniel, has rabies tag No. 350."

* * *

On a visit to Toronto an Owen Sound, Ont. father trooped his four children into the Royal Ontario Museum and was slightly surprised when a young woman cornered him just inside the door and asked his co-operation in filling out a long questionnaire. Automatically he answered a string of such questions as: how far had they come to visit the museum, did they visit very often and how long were it since their last visit? When he hesitated a bit at "State your reason for visiting the museum," son John impatiently piped up: "We just came in to use the rest room."

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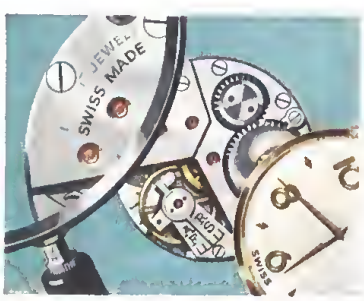

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